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FALLS OF THE KAUTERSKILL.

THERE are so many beautiful and romantic spots in the mountains of the State of New York, that it would be a hazardous undertaking to attempt to decide which is entitled to the superlative appellation of the most beautiful; but, if the partiality of artists and sketchers be any indication of superlative merit in regard to picturesque beauty, the Falls of the Kauterskill, in the wildest part of the Catskill Mountains, are entitled to preëminence. These famous cascades have been sketched and painted thousands and thousands of times; there is scarce a landscape painter, or an amateur sketcher in this country, but can exhibit in his port-folio a drawing of the romantic Kauterskill.

The cascades, for, as will be seen by the engraving, there are two of them—the Falls being divided by a shelving break in the rocks, are in the Catskill Mountains, about two miles from "Pine Orchard," the famous summer retreat on the brow of the mountain overhanging the Hudson, and about fourteen miles from the village of Catskill. The Falls are watered by two small lakes, which unite in their outlets, and are precipitated over the broken rocks into a chasm two hundred and sixty feet in depth, forming, when the water is scant, as it often is in mid-summer, the appearance of a feather waving in the air. The first cascade is a perpendicular fall of one hundred and eighty feet, the water then rushes along a space of about one hundred feet, and is again precipitated over a craggy height of eighty feet.

Behind the first fall is an immense amphitheatre, into which visitors can enter and look out upon the ever-falling curtain of mist that veils this wild and romantic spot from the rays of the sun. We have heard of New Yorkers who, on their European tours, have gone to Ireland for the express purpose of seeing the miniature waterfalls on the estate of Lord Powerscourt, who have never seen the beautiful cascades of the Kauterskill! But every year this romantic spot has an increased number of visitors, and the time will come when an American virtuoso will be

ashamed to acknowledge that he has not seen these loveliest of waterfalls. Niagara is immense, overpowering, stunning to the senses, and overwhelming to the imagination; you feel as you stand in the presence of the rushing flood, as though the heavens had melted and come down. A new feeling of reverence for God's majesty comes over you; but there is nothing of this trembling, awe-inspiring sensation at the Kauterskill. It is the spirit of beauty, and not of strength and terror, that seems to hover around the scene, and play in the plighted rainbows that live in the falling spray. The scene is beautiful in early spring, when the trees are putting on their tender green, and the dogwood bushes are white with blossoms, and in mid-summer it is cool and refreshing; but in the autumn, when the forest leaves are dyed in crimson and purple, and the air is clear, and the sky bluer than the ocean, then is the time to view the cascades of the Kauterskill in their gorgeous and magnificent beauty. But at this season of the year, fashionable tourists are in the crowded streets of cities, and the wild enchantments of Nature are deserted for the artificialities of city life; gas lights are then more alluring than sun-light in the mountains, and the foul atmosphere of heated rooms is preferred to the pure and health-giving air of the mountains and forest.

The name of Kauterskill is said not to have a very delicate meaning, and we sometimes see it written Catskill; but we should be sorry to see another substituted for it. If it is a poor thing, as Aubrey says, it is at least "our own," and looks and sounds quite as well in poetry as the greater number of classical names that our countrymen are so fond of borrowing from the Greek.

Of the many views of the Kauterskill that we have seen, we do not remember having met with one that gives a better idea of the general features, and characteristic particulars of the scene than the one which we have presented our subscribers. It was sketched expressly for this work, and has been engraved in his best manner, by that very able artist, N. Orr.

A REVOLUTIONARY HEROINE.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME OF "WOMEN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION."

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

SARAH M'CALLA.

FEW of the women whose lot was cast amid scenes of civil war during our Revolutionary struggle, had so much to do personally with what was passing around them, as the subject of this sketch. The account of her experience, therefore, is a portion of the history of the country. It shows not only how a remarkable character was formed by the singular circumstances in which she was involved, but the influence of religious feeling in strengthening her constancy and rendering her fearless in the midst of peril. The materials of the following sketch were kindly furnished me by Daniel Green Stinson, Esq., of Cedar Shoals, South Carolina, having been obtained by him from Mrs. McKown, the daughter of Mrs. Nixon, and from Samuel McCalla, the son of Sarah McCalla, who now resides at Bloomington, Indiana.

Our heroine had a hereditary right to be a patriot; her mother was Hannah Wayne, a first cousin of General Anthony Wayne. She was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, in Pigura township or on Pigura creek, within forty-five miles of Philadelphia. In 1775 she was married to Thomas McCalla. In the following year, when the British were in New York, the young husband was called out to serve in the militia, and was stationed for some time at Powles' Hook, being there the day on which the battle was fought upon Long Island. He could hear the firing all day, and from Bergen Heights, where he lay that night, saw plainly the blaze of artillery. When he had served out the time for which the militia had been called, he received a dismissal and returned home. Soon, however, the scene of action was brought near them. When the British marched from the head of Elk to Philadelphia, McCalla was again in the field, and at the time of the battle of Brandywine his wife, but three miles distant, could hear the firing of every platoon. In this scene of trial and peril she did not abandon herself to the paralyzing effects of terror, nor shrink from performing services which humanity taught her were a duty. Many a wounded soldier had cause to bless the heroism and benevolence of this youthful but strong-hearted matron, while she dressed his injuries with her own hands, rendered all necessary offices of kindness, or offered the consolation and encouragement which bear so soothing an in-

fluence from the sympathizing heart of woman. It was now a part of her daily business to aid the cause of her suffering countrymen by every means and exertion in her power. She was in full hearing of the cannonade at Mud Island, and the explosion of the British ship *Augusta*. In all the conflicts of that eventful period her husband bore an active part, being engaged in the militia of Pennsylvania; nor would she be idle while he was exposed to danger. She continued indefatigable in her labors, succoring the distressed as far as her ability extended, tending the sick and wounded, consoling those who had suffered, and encouraging the wavering and irresolute to brave all in the righteous cause, entrusting themselves to the protection of a Providence that is not blind chance. The good wrought by such women, full of zeal for their country and anxious desire to alleviate the miseries they witnessed, is incalculable. It could be appreciated only by those who received the benefit of their humane efforts, and therefore it had no reward, save "the blessing of those who were ready to perish." Should not we, whose national existence and prosperity are the purchase of *their* toil no less than of the blood of Revolutionary heroes, be earnest in rendering some measure of justice to their memory?

In the latter part of the year 1778, Thomas and Sarah McCalla removed from Pennsylvania to Chester county in South Carolina.—David McCalla, a brother of Thomas, had previously gone to this State, and was then residing with Captain John Nixon. The first place at which the emigrants stopped, after their arrival, was Nixon; but they afterwards fixed their home on a plantation upon the roadside, now belonging to William Caldwell. It was at this place, marked by "the mulberry tree," that the volunteer company of the 27th regiment used to muster. These dwellers in an almost barbarous region had but a humble home; they lived in a log cabin, cultivating the ground for daily bread, and trusting in Divine protection from the evils surrounding them incident to a primitive state of society, and from the more appalling dangers rapidly approaching with the desolating footsteps of civil strife. They were here when the war entered Carolina to penetrate her recesses, and during the severe campaign of 1780, when the struggle between the whigs and the British

aided by gangs of tory outlaws, was carried on amid scenes of bloody contest and deeds of unprecedented cruelty.

It was no time for a patriot to remain a mere spectator of what was going on, although to join the whig cause was apparently to rush on certain destruction, so entirely was the State under the royal power. M'Calla did not hesitate to cast his lot with the few brave spirits who scorned security purchased by submission. Repairing to Clem's Branch, he joined himself to the "fighting men," as they were called, and was in every engagement, from the beginning of Sumter's operations against the royal forces, till the evening of August 17th. That night General Sumter was retreating with his force, and M'Calla obtained leave of absence to visit his family. Thus he was not with the partisans at the disastrous surprise at the mouth of Fishing creek. Intending to join the whig force at Landsford, he made his way thither the next day; but was there informed that Captain John Steel had passed down to the battle-ground, and was rallying and sending on the men towards Charlotte. The following morning M'Calla succeeded in joining Captain Steel at Neely's; but it was for him a most unfortunate movement. An hour afterwards they were surprised; Steel and some others made their escape; but M'Calla was taken prisoner and carried to Camden. There he was thrown into gaol, and threatened every day with hanging; a threat the British did not often hesitate to fulfill in the case of those who fell into their hands, having been found in arms against the royal government after what they chose to consider the submission of the State.

While this brave man, to whose memory no justice has been done in history, was languishing in prison, expecting death from day to day, his wife remained in the most unhappy state of suspense. For about a month she was unable to obtain any tidings of him. The rumor of Sumter's surprise, and that of Steel, came to her ears; she visited the places where those disasters had occurred, and sought for some trace of him, but without success. She inquired, in an agony of anxiety, of the women who had been to Charlotte for the purpose of carrying clothes or provisions to their husbands, brothers, or fathers, knowing not but that he had gone thither with the soldiers; but none could give her the least information. She felt certain of his captivity or death; if the first was his fate, how deep might be his need of her assistance? Imagination may depict the harrowing scenes that must have passed, when females returning to their homes and children after carrying aid to the soldiers, were met by such inquiries from those who were uncertain as to the fate of their kindred. To these hapless sufferers no consolation

availed; and too often was their suspense terminated by more afflicting certainty.

In the midst of Mrs. McCalla's distress, and before she had gained any information, she was called to another claim on her anxiety; her children took the small-pox. John—the late John M'Calla of Abbeville District, South Carolina—was very ill for nine days with the disease, and his mother thought every day would be his last. During this terrible season of alarm, while her mind was distracted by cares—she had to depend altogether upon herself, for she saw but one among her neighbors. All the families in the vicinity were visited with the disease; and to many it proved fatal. As soon as her child was so far recovered as to be considered out of danger, Mrs. M'Calla made preparations to go to Camden. She felt convinced that it was her duty to do so, for she clung to the hope that she might there learn something of her husband, or even find him among the prisoners.

With her to resolve was to act, and having set her house in order, she was in the saddle long before day, taking the old Charleston road leading down on the west side of the Catawba River. The mountain gap on Wateree creek was passed ere the sun rose, and by two o'clock she had crossed the river, passing the guard there stationed, and entered Camden. Pressing on with fearless determination, she passed the guard, and desiring to be conducted to the presence of Lord Rawdon, was escorted by Major Doyle to the headquarters of that commander. His lordship then occupied a large ancient-looking house on the east side of the main street. The old site of the town is now in part deserted, and that building left standing alone, some four hundred yards from any other, as if the memories associated with it had rendered the neighborhood undesirable. It was here that haughty and luxurious nobleman fixed his temporary residence, "sitting as a monarch," while so many true-hearted unfortunates whose fate hung on his will were languishing out their lives in prison, or atoning for their patriotism on the scaffold.

Into the presence of this august personage Mrs. M'Calla was conducted by the British Major. Her impression at first sight was favorable: he was a fine looking young man, with a countenance not unprepossessing, which we may suppose was eagerly searched for the traces of human sympathy by one who felt that all her hopes depended on him. His aspect gave her some encouragement, and being desired to explain the object of her visit, she pleaded her cause with the eloquence of nature and feeling; making known the distressed situation of her family at home, the fearful anxiety of mind she had suffered, on account of the prolonged absence of her hus-

band and her ignorance of his fate, and her children's urgent need of his care and protection. From Major Doyle she had at length learned that he was held a prisoner by his lordship's orders. She had come, therefore, to entreat mercy for him; to pray that he might be released and permitted to go home with her. This appeal to compassion she made with all the address in her power, to recommend her suit, nor was the untaught language of distress wanting in power to excite pity in any feeling heart.

Lord Rawdon heard her to the end. His reply was characteristic. "I would rather hang such d—d rebels than eat my breakfast." This insulting speech was addressed to his suppliant while her eyes were fixed on him in the agony of her entreaty, and the tears were streaming down her cheeks. His words dried up the fountain at once, and the spirit of an American matron was roused. "Would you?" was her answer, while she turned on him a look of the deepest scorn. A moment after, with a struggle to control her feelings, for she well knew how much depended on that—she said, "I crave of your lordship permission to see my husband."

The haughty chief had felt in his bosom's core, the look of scorn his cruel language had called up in her face, for his own conscience bore testimony against him, and he felt humbled before her who stood there to supplicate his mercy! But his pride forbade his yielding to the dictates of better feeling. "You should consider, madam," he answered, "in whose presence you now stand. Your husband is a d—d rebel—"

Mrs. McCalla was about to reply—but her companion, the Major, gave her a look warning her to be silent, and in truth the words that sprang to her lips would have ill-pleased the Briton. Doyle now interposed, and requested his lordship to step aside with him for a moment. They left the apartment, and shortly afterwards returned. Rawdon then said to his visitor, with a stately coldness that precluded all hope of softening his determination: "Major Doyle, madam, has my permission to let you go into the prison. You may continue in the prison *ten minutes only*. Major, you have my orders." So saying, he bowed politely both to her and the officer, as intimating that the business was ended, and they were dismissed. They accordingly quitted the room.

Thus ended the interview from which she had hoped so much. What had been granted seemed a mockery rather than an alleviation of her sorrow. Ten minutes with the husband from whom she had been parted so many weeks, and that, too, in the presence of the royal officer! A brief time to tell how much she had suffered—to relieve his anxiety

concerning the dear ones at home, inquire into his wants, and learn what she must do for him! But even this indulgence, the Major informed her, had been reluctantly granted at his earnest intercession; and he took occasion to blame her own exhibition of spirit. The whig women, he observed, who had come down to see their friends, had shown a more submissive disposition; none had dared reply to his lordship angrily, or give him scornful looks; and he was therefore not prepared to expect such an expression of indignation as that which had escaped her. "It was with great difficulty," he said, "that I got permission for you for ten minutes. His lordship said: 'D—n her, she can cry, and I believe she can fight, too! did you see what a glance she gave me? Upon my soul, Major, such a woman might do much harm to the king's service; she must not be permitted to pass and repass, unless some one of the officers are with her. She must stay only ten minutes, and it must be in your presence.'"

A Spanish general, it is said, once excused himself for ordering to execution a prisoner, whose little boy had just suffered him to cut off both his ears, on the promise that his father's life should be spared—by saying: "The father of such a child is dangerous to Spain; he must pay the forfeit of his life." Lord Rawdon seems to have reasoned much in the same manner; the husband of such a woman must be strictly watched, as a dangerous enemy to the royal cause.

The sight of the prison-pen almost overcame the fortitude of the resolute wife. An enclosure like that constructed for animals, guarded by soldiers, was the habitation of the unfortunate prisoners, who sate within on the bare earth, many of them suffering with the prevalent distemper, and stretched helpless on the ground, with no shelter from the burning sun of September. "Is it possible," cried the matron, turning to Doyle, "that you shut up men in this manner, as you would a parcel of hogs!" She was then admitted into the gaol, and welcome indeed was the sight of her familiar face to McCalla. The time allotted for the interview was too short to be wasted in condolence or complaint; she told him she must depart in a few minutes, informed him of the state of his family—inquired carefully what were his wants, and promised speedy relief. When the ten minutes had expired, she again shook hands with him, assuring him she would shortly return with clothes for his use, and what provisions she could bring, then turning, walked away with a firm step, stopping to shake hands with young John Adair and the other captives with whom she was acquainted. The word of encouragement was not wanting; and, as she bade the prison-

ers adieu, she said: "Have no fear; the women are doing their part of the service."—"I admire your spirit, madam," Doyle observed to her, "but must request you to be a little more cautious."

Mrs. M'Calla was furnished by the major with a pass, which she showed to the officer on duty, as she passed the guard on her return, and to the officer at the ferry. She rode with all speed, and was at home before midnight; having had less than twenty-four hours for the accomplishment of her whole enterprise; in that time riding one hundred miles, crossing the river twice, and passing the guard four times—visiting her husband, and having the interview with Lord Rawdon, in which, probably for the first time in his life, he felt uneasiness from a woman's rebuke. It convinced him that even in the breast of woman a spirit of independence might dwell, which no oppression could subdue, and before which brute force must quail, as something of superior nature. How must the unexpected outbreaking of this spirit, from time to time, have dismayed those who imagined it was crushed for ever throughout the conquered province!

It is proper to say that Mrs. M'Calla met with kinder treatment from the other British officers to whom she had occasion to apply at this time, for they were favorably impressed by the courage and strength of affection evinced by her. Even the soldiers, as she passed them, paid her marks of respect. The Tories only showed no sympathy, nor pity for her trials; it being constantly observed that there was deeper hostility towards the Whigs on the part of their countrymen of different politics, than those of English birth.

Mrs. M'Calla began her work immediately after her arrival at home; making new clothes and altering and mending others, and preparing the provisions. Her preparations being completed, she again set out for Camden. This time she had the company of one of her neighbors, Mrs. Mary Nixon, whose brother, John Adair, has been mentioned as among the prisoners. Each of the women drove before her a pack-horse, laden with the articles provided for the use of their suffering friends. They were again admitted to the presence of Lord Rawdon to petition for leave to visit the prison; but nothing particular occurred at the interview. His lordship treated the matron who had offended him with much haughtiness, and she on her part felt for him a contempt not the less strong that it was not openly expressed. From this time she made her journeys about once a month to Camden, carrying clean clothes and provisions; being often accompanied by other women, bound on similar errands, and conveying articles of food and clothing to their

captive fathers, husbands, or brothers. They rode without escort, fearless of peril by the way, and regardless of fatigue, though the journey was usually performed in haste, and under the pressure of anxiety for those at home as well as those to whose relief they were going. How strikingly does their self-denying endurance of hardship contrast with the luxurious indolence of too many women at the present day!

On one occasion, when Mrs. M'Calla was just about setting off, alone, upon her journey, news of a glorious event was brought to her; the news of the battle of King's Mountain, which had taken place on the 7th of October, but a few days before. She did not stop to rejoice in the victory of her countrymen, but went on with a lightened heart, longing, no doubt, to share the joy with him who might hope, from the changed aspect of affairs, some mitigation of his imprisonment. When our heroine reached Camden, an unexpected obstacle presented itself; she was refused permission to pass the guard. It was not difficult to see whence this order had proceeded; but submission was the only resource. She took off the bags from the horse that had carried the load, and seated herself at the root of a tree, holding in her hand the bridle-reins of both horses. No friend or acquaintance was near to offer aid, and she made up her mind to spend the night in that place, not knowing whither to go. She was not, however, reduced to this; for before long one of the inhabitants of the village came to her assistance, took her horses and tied them in the back yard of his house, and helped her to carry in the packs. This piece of kindness called forth her feelings of gratitude, and was often mentioned by her in after life as an unexpected and gratifying instance of good will.

The next day she had another interview with Lord Rawdon, which was abruptly terminated by one of her impulsive answers. To his rude remark, that he ought to have hung her rebel husband at the first, and thus avoided the trouble he had been put to with her—she promptly replied: "That's a game, sir, that two can play at!" and was peremptorily ordered out of his lordship's presence. Her friend Major Doyle, however, benevolently interfered to plead for her, representing her distress, and at length obtained permission for her to go the prison with the food and clothing she had brought. She said to this officer: "Your hanging of the Whigs has been repaid by the hanging of the Tories." In reply, Doyle assured her he had never approved of such a course, and that the responsibility must rest solely upon his lordship. The consciousness of guilt in the exercise of these cruelties doubtless often harassed his mind, and it was not surprising he should testify uneasiness or

anger when allusion was made, as in Mrs. M'Calla's retort, to the subject.

Mrs. M'Calla then informed the major of the news of the action at King's Mountain.—It was the first intelligence, he said, that had reached him of the battle; though he had no doubt Rawdon was already in possession of the news, he having within a short time shown so much sternness and ill-humor that scarce any one dared speak to him. Though ill tidings spread quickly, it does not seem wonderful that the knowledge of an action so disastrous to the British arms should be concealed as long as possible from the soldiers and prisoners, and thus that the earliest information should be brought by an American woman, living among those who would be first to hear of it.

About the first of December, Mrs. M'Calla went again to Camden. On the preceding trip she had met with Lord Cornwallis, by whom she was treated with kindness. Whatever hopes she had grounded on this, however, were doomed to disappointment; he was this time reserved and silent. She was afterwards informed by the major that a considerable reverse had befallen his majesty's troops at Cleremount, the occurrence involving great blame to Colonel Rudgely; and the annoyance felt on this account—Doyle said—was the cause of his not showing as much courtesy as he usually did to ladies. "You must excuse him," observed the good-natured officer, who seems to have always acted the part of a peace maker on these occasions; and he added that Cornwallis had never approved of the cruelties heretofore practised.

Towards the last of December the indefatigable wife again performed the weary journey to Camden. M'Calla's health had been impaired for some months, and it was now declining; it was therefore necessary to make a strenuous effort to move the compassion of his enemies, and procure his release. Rawdon was again in command, and she once more applied to him, to obtain permission for her husband to go home with her. As might have been anticipated, her petition was refused by his lordship. He informed her that he could do nothing in the premises; but that if she would go to Winnsboro' and present her request to Lord Cornwallis, he might possibly be induced to give her an order for the liberation of the prisoner.

To Winnsboro', accordingly, she made her way, determined to lose no time in making her application. It was on New Year's morning that she entered the village. The troops were under parade, and his lordship was engaged in reviewing them; there could be no admission, therefore, to his presence for some time, and she had nothing to do but remain a

silent spectator of the imposing scene. A woman less energetic, and less desirous of improving every opportunity for the good of others, might have sought rest after the fatigues of her journey, during the hours her business had to wait; Sarah M'Calla was one of heroic stamp, whose private troubles never caused her to forget what she might do for her country. She passed the time in noticing particularly every thing she saw, not knowing but that her report might do service. After the lapse of several hours, the interview she craved with Cornwallis was granted. He received her with courtesy and kindness, listened attentively to all she had to say, and appeared to feel pity for her distresses. But his polished expression of sympathy, to which her hopes clung with desperation, was accompanied with regret that he could not, consistently with the duties of His Majesty's service, comply unconditionally with her request. He expressed, nevertheless, entire willingness to enter into an exchange with General Sumter, releasing M'Calla for any prisoner he had in his possession. Or he would accept the pledge of General Sumter that M'Calla should not again serve until exchanged, and would liberate him on that security. "But, madam," he added, "it is Sumter himself who must stand pledged for the keeping of the parole. We have been too lenient heretofore, and have let men go who immediately made use of their liberty to take up arms against us."

With this the long tried wife was forced to be content, and she now saw the way clear to the accomplishment of her enterprise. She lost no time in returning home, and immediately set out for Charlotte to seek aid from the American general. She found Sumter at this place, nearly recovered of the wounds he had received in the action at Blackstock's, in November. Her appeal to him was at once favorably received. He gave her a few lines, stating that he would stand pledged for M'Calla's continuance at home peaceably until he should be regularly exchanged. This paper was more precious than gold to the matron whose perseverance had obtained it; but it was destined, alas! to do her little good. She now made the best of her way homeward. After crossing the Catawba, she encountered the army of General Morgan, was stopped, being suspected to be a tory, and taken into the presence of Morgan for examination. The idea that she could be thus suspected afforded her no little amusement, and she permitted the mistake to continue for some time, before she produced the paper in Sumter's hand-writing, which she well knew would remove every difficulty. She then informed the general of her visit to Winnsboro' on the first of January, and her sight of the review of the troops. Morgan thanked her for the information and

dismissed her, and without further adventure she arrived at her own house.

A few days after her return, the British army, being on its march from Winnsboro', encamped on the plantation of John Service, in Chester district, and afterwards at Turkey creek. Mrs. McCalla went to one of those camps in the hope of seeing Lord Cornwallis. She succeeded in obtaining this privilege; his lordship recognised her as soon as she entered the camp, and greeted her courteously, questioning her as to her movements, and making many inquiries about Sumter and Morgan. On this last point she was on her guard, and communicated no more information than she felt certain could give the enemy no manner of advantage, nor subject her friends to inconvenience. At length she presented to the noble Briton the paper which she imagined would secure her husband's freedom. What was her disappointment when he referred her to Lord Rawdon, as the proper person to take cognizance of the affair! The very name was a death-blow to her hopes, for she well knew she could expect nothing from his clemency. Remonstrance and entreaty were alike in vain; Cornwallis was a courteous man, but he knew how, with a bland smile and well-turned phrase of compliment, to refuse compliance even with a request that appealed so strongly to every feeling of humanity, as that of an anxious wife pleading for the suffering and imprisoned father of her children. She must submit, however, to the will of those in power; there was no resource but another journey to Camden, in worse than doubt of the success she had fancied just within her reach.

It was a day or two after the battle of the Cowpens that she crossed the ferry on her way to Camden. She had not yet heard of that bloody action, but observing that the guard was doubled at the ferry, concluded that something unusual had occurred. As she entered the village, she met her old friend Major Doyle, who stopped to speak to her.—His first inquiry was if she had heard the news; and when she answered in the negative, he told her of the "melancholy affair" that had occurred at the Cowpens. The time, he observed, was most inauspicious for the business on which he knew she had come.—"I fear, madam," he said, "that his lordship will not treat you well."

"I have no hope," was her answer, "that he will let Thomas go home; but, sir, it is my duty to make efforts to save my husband. I will thank you to go with me to Lord Rawdon's quarters."

Her reception was such as she had expected. As soon as Rawdon saw her, he cried angrily, "You here again, madam! Well—you want your husband—I dare say! Do

you know what the d——d rebels have been doing?"

"I do not, sir," replied the dejected matron, for she saw that his mood was one of fury.

"If we had hung them," he continued, "we should have been saved this mortification! Madam! I order you most positively never to come into my presence again!"

It was useless, Mrs. McCalla knew, to attempt to stem the tide; she did not, therefore, produce, or even mention, the paper given her by Sumter, nor apologize for her intrusion by saying that Lord Cornwallis had directed her to apply to him; but merely answered in a subdued and respectful tone by asking what she had done.

"Enough!" exclaimed the irritated noble. "You go from one army to another, and Heaven only knows what mischief you do! Begone!"

She waited for no second dismissal, but could not refrain from saying, as she went out, in an audible voice, "My countrymen must right me." Lord Rawdon called her back and demanded what she was saying.—She had learned by this time some lessons in policy, and answered with a smile, "We are but simple country folk." His lordship probably saw through the deceit, for turning to his officer, he said, "Upon my life, Doyle, she is a wretch of a woman!" And thus she left him.

That glorious event—the battle of the Cowpens—revived the spirits of the patriots throughout the country. Everywhere, as the news spread, men who had before been discouraged flew to arms. The action took place on the 17th of January, 1781; on the 22nd of the same month, six wagons were loaded with corn at Wade's Island, sixty miles down the Catawba, for the use of General Davison's division. The whole whig country of Chester, York and Lancaster districts, may be said to have risen in mass, and was rallying to arms. The reaction was the more spirited, after the recent almost hopeless depression, when the land groaned under the cruelty of its oppressors. Mecklenburg, North Carolina, was again the scene of warlike preparation; for the whigs hoped to give the enemy another defeat at Cowans or Batisford on the Catawba. On the 24th of January, General Sumter crossed this river at Landsford, and received a supply of corn from Wade's Island. His object was to cross the districts to the west, in the rear of the advancing British army, to arouse the country and gather forces as he went, threaten the English posts at Ninety-Six and Granby, and go on to reconquer the State. While Cornwallis marched from his encampment on Service's plantation, the whigs of Chester, under the gallant Captains John Mills and James Johnston, were

hovering near, watching the movements of the hostile army as keenly as the eagle watches his intended prey. Choosing a fit opportunity as they followed in the rear, they pounced upon a couple of British officers, one of whom was named Major M'Carter, at a moment when they had not the least suspicion of danger at hand, took them prisoners in sight of the enemy, and made good their retreat. By means of this bold exploit the liberation of M'Calla was brought about, at a time when his wife was wholly disheartened by her repeated and grievous disappointments. When General Sumter passed through the country, a cartel of exchange was effected, giving the two British officers in exchange for the prisoners of Chester district in Camden and Charleston.

The person sent with the flag to accomplish this exchange in Camden was Samuel Neely of Fishing Creek. As he passed through the town to the quarters of Lord Rawdon, he was seen and recognized by the prisoners, and it may be supposed their hearts beat with joy at the prospect of speedy release. But in consequence of some mismanagement of the business, the unfortunate men were detained in gaol several weeks longer. Neely was in haste to proceed to Charleston, being anxious, in the accomplishment of his mission in that city, to get his son Thomas out of the prison-ship, and in his hurry probably neglected some necessary formalities. For this neglect his countrymen in Camden suffered, being still kept in confinement after Neely's return from Charleston with his son. Captain Mills was informed of this, and indignant at the supposed disrespect shown by Lord Rawdon to the cartel of Gen. Sumter, wrote a letter of remonstrance to Rawdon, which he entrusted to Mrs. M'Calla, to be conveyed to him.

Our heroine was accompanied on this journey by Mrs. Mary Nixon, for she judged it impolitic that the letter should be delivered by one so obnoxious as herself to his lordship. Still, she deemed it her duty to be on the spot, to welcome her liberated husband, supply all his wants, and conduct him home. The distance was traversed this time with lighter heart than before, for now she had no reason to fear disappointment. When they arrived at Camden, they went to the gaol; John Adair, the brother of Mrs. Nixon, was standing at a window; they saw and greeted each other, the women standing in the yard below. Perhaps in consequence of his advice, or prudential considerations on their part, they determined not to avail themselves of the good offices of Major Doyle on this occasion. Adair directed them to send the gaoler up to him, which they did, and he wrote a note introducing his visitor to the acquaintance of Lord

Rawdon. The two women then proceeded to the quarters of that nobleman. When they arrived at the gate, Mrs. M'Calla stopped, saying she would wait there, and her companion proceeded by herself. She was admitted into the presence of Lord Rawdon, who read the note of introduction she handed to him, and observed, referring to the writer—that the small-pox had almost finished him; still, he had come very near escaping from the gaol; that he was “a grand scape-gallows.” On reading the letter of Captain Mills his color changed; and when he had finished it, turning to Mrs. Nixon, he said, in an altered tone: “I am sorry these men have not been dismissed, as of right they ought.” He immediately wrote a discharge for eleven of the prisoners, and put it into her hands, saying: “You can get them out, madam. I am sorry they have been confined so many weeks longer than they should have been.” At the same time he gave Mrs. Nixon a guinea. “This,” he said, “will bear your expenses.”

His lordship accompanied her on her way out, and as she passed through the gate his eye fell on Mrs. M'Calla, whom he instantly recognized. Walking to the spot where she stood near the gate, he said, fiercely: “Did I not order you, madam, to keep out of my presence?” The matron's independent spirit flashed from her eyes, as she answered: “I had no wish, sir, to intrude myself on your presence; I stopped at the gate on purpose to avoid you.” Unable to resist the temptation of speaking her mind for once, now that she had a last opportunity, she added: “I might turn the tables on you, sir, and ask, why did *you* come out to the gate to insult a woman? I have received from you nothing but abuse. My distresses you have made sport of; I ceased long since to expect any thing from you but ill-treatment. I am now not your suppliant; I come to *demand*, as a right, the release of my husband!” So saying, she bowed to him contemptuously, wheeled about, and deliberately walked off, without stopping to see how her bold language was received. Mrs. Nixon hastened after her, pale as death, and at first too much frightened to speak. As soon as she found voice, she exclaimed:

“Sally! you have ruined us, I am afraid! Why, he may put us both in gaol!”

Mrs. M'Calla laughed outright. “It is not the first time, Mary,” she replied, “that I have given him to understand I thought him a villain!” The two made their way back to the prison, but even after they got there Mrs. Nixon had not recovered from her terror. She was informed that it would be some time before the prisoners could be released. The blacksmith was then sent for, and came with his tools. The sound of the hammering in

the apartments of the gaol, gave the first intimation to the women who waited to greet their friends, that the helpless captives were chained to the floor.

This precaution had been adopted not long before, in consequence of some of the prisoners having broken gaol and been retaken. They were then put in handcuffs or chained by the ankle. It was these men who were now restored to freedom, not by the favor of their enemies. They left the place of their long imprisonment and suffering in company with the two women, and as they marched through the streets of Camden, passing the British guard, they sang at the top of their voices the songs of the "liberty men." They were in all eleven men; among them Thomas McCalla, John Adair, Thomas Gill, William Wylie, Joseph Wade, and Nicholas Bishop. The last was a man eighty years of age, and perfectly deaf. The crime for which he had been torn from his home and immured in gaol was that of being the father of eight or nine fighting men, enlisted under the banner of their country. His thirteenth child, John Bishop, was then in the camp.

After the liberated prisoners had marched a mile or two on their way, it was concluded that those who were able to travel should go on as rapidly as possible, leaving McCalla and Adair, with the females, their horses and luggage, to follow them as their strength should permit. With this last party Joe Wade remained, being a stout able-bodied man, and willing to render assistance to his invalid comrades. He frequently carried John Adair on his back. This patriotic individual was the brother of the late George Wade of Columbia, South Carolina. His life afforded some anecdotes of interest. Garden, in his book of Revolutionary anecdotes, gives some account of a man, named Wade, who suffered from British cruelty. A whig of the name of William Stroud, having been taken and hung by the roadside, his enemies placed a label on his back, announcing that a similar fate awaited the man who should attempt to cut him down. He thus hung on the tree for three weeks. His sister at length cut him down, and buried him at the root of the tree. This pious act they could hardly venture to revenge on a woman; but, determined to wreak their resentment on some object, the British caught Wade, and inflicted on him a thousand lashes; of which barbarity, it is stated, he died. Joe, however—for it was he—did not die at that time. He recovered of his wounds, and being unable to overcome his propensity for fighting, he was again so unfortunate as to be taken in arms, was carried to Camden, and there kept for some time in prison. When the prisoners made their attempt to escape, and actually broke gaol, Joe was one of the

party, and, with the others, was captured and brought back. As the irons were put on the delinquents, Joe said facetiously to the officials performing this duty, that he "would prefer having a pair of stockings." They therefore accommodated him with heavy irons on each ankle. But this did not fetter the captive's spirits; he would rattle his chains merrily, telling his fellow-prisoners they knew nothing of the pleasures of a plurality. "Your single chain," he would say frequently, "can only go—whop!—but I can jingle mine, and I will soon give you the tune of 'Yankee Doodle.'" Suiting the action to the word, and jingling to the amusement of all who could hear him. Many a night Joe thus performed his musical airs with these novel instruments, as a pastime to himself and those who, like him, were at a loss for diversion, and to the great annoyance of the keepers of the gaol, whom he prevented from sleeping. He was proof, however, against their murmurings and menaces; for what he had borne had somewhat hardened his powers of endurance; and he continued, in spite of remonstrance, to keep his fellow-captives in music and songs, while John Adair taught them to play at cards, by way of getting rid of some of their superfluous time. Yet Joe had a soul that could be touched, though his spirit was unconquerable; his heart, too, was in the right place, and could feel for the misfortunes of others, prompting to active exertions for their relief. He saw now that his neighbor and fellow-sufferer, Adair, who had been a prey to the small-pox in prison, had scarcely strength to walk, and without hesitation, he took him upon his back and trudged along under the weight. "Never mind, my boy," he would say when John remonstrated; "you are not quite so heavy as a thousand lashes! My back is a little rough, so hold on tight! Why, if I had only thought of bringing the chains along, I might have played you a tune as we are going! No matter; when we stop to rest, John, you shall out with the pack of cards, and we will have the odd trick."

The honest patriot was bearing on his furrowed back—in that pale and emaciated stripping—a hero of after times; one who, some thirty-three years from that date, led the hunters of Kentucky to the field, together with Andrew Jackson and another youth of the Catawba, on the banks of the Mississippi.—Yes! the lad whom Joe Wade then carried from the gaol that had so nearly been his place of death, afterwards, on the banks of the monarch of rivers, cancelled the debt of the thousand lashes, owing to his old friend; for thrice that number of Britons were numbered among the wounded and slain, two or three of them general officers in their army! Truly, the mysterious connection of events—

the small with the great—is often most remarkable. How strange that two boys of Catawba river—both having been maltreated by the despotic English, should, more than a score and a half of years afterwards, become instrumental in obtaining over their country's foes of the same nation—the invincibles of Wellington's command—the haughty conquerors of Europe's master—the victory in one of the most splendid battles recorded in ancient or modern times! But without looking into the future, the kind-hearted Joe had his present reward in the pleasure of doing a service to a youthful but resolute patriot, and through him, of serving the cause of his country. It could not have been difficult to discover that no common spirit animated that boy's wasted frame. He distinguished himself, indeed, in several battles, and aided to form the constitution in the conventions of the States of Tennessee and Kentucky—devoting his whole life, in short, to public service.

To return to our travellers. They stopped, the first night, at the house of Mrs. Weather-
 spoon, who welcomed them with cordial kindness. She had little to offer in the way of refreshment, having only one cow; but she made a potful of mush, and this with the new milk formed a delicious repast, for supper and breakfast, seasoned as it was with the love that makes "a dinner of herbs" more savory than the costliest dainties.

When Thomas McCalla reached the home he had so long desired to see, he found his affairs in an embarrassed condition; and little remained to him even for the supply of the most ordinary comforts. Mrs. McCalla's frequent journeys, the necessity of providing articles to be carried to Camden, and the impossibility of her balancing the account meanwhile by thrifty management, or by profitable labor, had sadly diminished their means. Not only this, but she had been compelled to contract debts, which her husband was unable for years fully to repay. Her disposition was generous to a fault; in carrying provisions to Thomas, she could not forget those who suffered with him, and whose bitter wants were evident to her eyes; she bestowed liberally of what she had, and might in truth be said to have fed and clothed the Camden prisoners. Who could blame this liberality, when her neighbors were willing to supply her, knowing the use that would be made of their loans! She and her husband took upon themselves the responsibility of repayment, and she spared not the labor of her hands for this purpose during many years. Thomas, broken down in health, was unable for some time to work, but with returning strength applied himself faithfully to the task, which through persevering toil was at last accomplished. He never received from the country any remuneration for his losses, held no office, nor ever

lived at the public expense. His case was in this respect a contrast to more modern ones, where the loser in the nation's service rates his outlay at two prices, and sometimes receives that to which he is in no way entitled! The unobtrusive patriots of our sketch had their reward, however, in the consciousness of having done well and nobly, and having worthily served the good cause of freedom. If by their expenditures for the relief of others, a bar was placed to their attainment of riches, their poverty was honorable, and they enjoyed the respect of the virtuous and good among all their acquaintance. God gave them the blessing of children, whom they trained up in the right way. These became members of the same church with their parents, and patriotism was to them a household inheritance; the knowledge of the duties of good citizens, as well as the principles of piety, being instilled into them as their earliest lessons, and the most important for the practice of future life.

Lord Rawdon's aversion to Mrs. McCalla was not without foundation; she was a very shrewd and independent person, and bore in her countenance the ineffaceable stamp of her character. Her eye was keen and penetrating as the glance of the eagle; and though remarkable for self-control, she often expressed by the rapid play of her features, the emotion called up at the moment, which she did not deem it prudent to utter in words. She was an unwavering friend to the liberty of her country. On her return from one of the trips she made to Camden, she chanced to meet two of her whig acquaintances—John McGraters and Thomas Steel—upon the Wateree. They were seeking information from Camden—the whigs at the time meditating a visit to this post of the enemy. She communicated to them all she knew, informing them of the position of the British in the town, and the guard stationed at the river; and so satisfied were her friends of the accuracy of her account and the correctness of her judgment, that in consequence of the intelligence brought by her, the projected enterprise was abandoned for the time. She often had secret interviews with the leading men of the American party, to whom she gave information, and who had entire confidence in her representations, and high respect for her opinions on military affairs. She was not, however, indiscriminate in her disclosures, for she knew whom to trust, and could keep a secret closely whenever it was necessary to do so.

Regarding the enemy, she always expressed herself with candor. The British soldiers she described as uniformly polite and respectful to women, and frank and manly in their deportment; the tories or loyalists of American

birth she invariably condemned as coarse, vulgar, rude and disgusting in their manners. The New York volunteers she said were "pilfering, thievish, contemptible scoundrels." She generally spoke well of the British officers, some of whom she thought an honor to the service; but in her praise always excepted Lord Rawdon.

In person Mrs. McCalla was of medium size. Her constitution was vigorous, her temperament ardent, though her self-possession was striking, and it seemed impossible to take her by surprise. With a strong will and steadfast purpose, she had great quickness of perception and reach of apprehension; and her manners were always proportioned to the difficulties to be overcome. Though firm of resolution as a rock, her heart was full of all gentle and generous impulses; the sight of distress was sufficient to melt her at once into sympathy, and she would hesitate at no sacrifice of her own interest, or endurance of privation—to afford relief to the sufferer. She had five sons and several daughters. Her son Thomas died in the last war with Great Britain, in the service of his country. Her children and descendants have now all removed to the west, except the two children of John, who are living in Abbeville district. Mrs. McCalla, who preserved throughout her life her habits as a fearless equestrian, when she was near the age of seventy, travelled on

horseback all the way alone to the State of Indiana and back to her home, to visit her daughter, then married to Thomas Archer, the grandson of Katharine Steel.

Mrs. McCalla has been dead many years, and with her husband lies buried in the Catholic graveyard near the place of her residence. South Carolina might regret the loss, in her children, of some of her best and most patriotic citizens; but they still serve their country, having borne with them to the great west, the lessons of earnest piety and disinterested patriotism, taught them in early life by an exemplary mother. Thus the good seed sowed by her was not lost, but is springing up to bear abundant fruit in another soil, not less genial than their native one; they are doing a work like that which engaged the energies of their parents in the time of such severe trial and peril. One of the sons, Samuel McCalla, lives near Bloomington, Indiana; David, at Princeton, in the same state. They are zealously attached to their country, and aim to serve its best interests. In person they bear the impress of their brave parentage so strikingly, that were a military commander selecting among a thousand, men who would be foremost in scaling a height to dislodge the foe, or who would willingly die in the last trench of Freedom, the choice would probably fall on these two.

THE STORM KING.

BY HARRY LONGCLIFFE.

My chariot is the rushing wind,
My steeds the lightnings are,
Mine is the tempest, and I bind
Its thunders to my car.
I scorn the fetters which man would fling
Around my tireless form,
I laugh at them all, for I am King
Of the wild and fearful storm.

I sweep like darkness across the plain,
I riot the forest o'er,
Its giant monarchs I rend in twain,
And scatter their wrecks before.
On, on, like a panting steed I fly,
Unloosed from the curbing rein,
And I mark my path in the midnight sky
By the lightning's livid chain.

I sport where the billows foam and dash
The mariner's bark around,
And I chant my music amid the flash
That heralds the thunder's sound.

I quicken the stoutest heart with fear,
And I blanch the sternest brow,
As I sing in the startled seamen's ear
The fate of his gallant prow.

I pencil the rainbow in the sky
With its hues of living light;
I water the blooming earth when dry,
From my fountains cool and bright.
You may hear my pulse's softest sound
Float forth on the rising breeze,
Or when twilight shadows grow dim around,
In the rustling of the trees.

O'er sea and o'er land I wend my way,
Like a haunted thing I roam;
In the darkest night, in the brightest day,
I am just as much at home.
Man fears the steeds of my flying car,
And trembles beneath my frown,
For he knows those steeds the lightnings are,
And my power chains them down.

SUSY L——'S DIARY.

WORK AND PLAY.

(CONCLUDED.)

WEDNESDAY, 26th.

SCENE I.—A BED-CHAMBER.

*Harriet—Susy.**Harriet.* Oh, don't drag in that old, everlasting diary!*Susy.* I just want to write something in the way of a valediction. I am going to put my diary away with the old almanacs and registers.*Harriet.* I am sure I give thanks! But why *now*, when there would be such charming love-scenes to enter?*Susy.* That is the one thing in the way. It would be—Mr. Kittredge says this and that—Mr. Kittredge does thus and so. I fear it would be altogether too sweet.*Harriet.* Yes; and besides, you will have so much to do, and so little time!*Susy.* True! It is what I feel now every moment, that I have other things to do than scribbling in my diary, or rocking in my arm-chair with one hand holding my head, and the other twirling my pencil. Besides, I have nothing to say. My love for Mr. Kittredge is my life now, my happiness, and this is too deep for expression,—and too holy. I do not know how it is; but there seems a holiness about our union, something so pure, so ennobling, so perfect, I neither want to speak or write of it.*Harriet.* You never loved Mr. G—— like this.*Susy.* No. I tremble now when I think how cold and wretched our life must have been, if our connexion had gone blindly on to the marriage-tie. There were so few points of sympathy between us! We should have had so little patience with each other's incomprehensible peculiarities! Nor did he love me. He could not so quickly have transferred himself to another, and to one so unlike me in every respect.*Harriet.* Do you know that they talk of settling in Concord, the Hempdales and all?*Susy.* Do they?*Harriet.* Yes. Uncle John has lately heard from Mr. Hempdale. He wrote that he had done about his share of business, he thought. He had got about all he wanted out of folks—twenty-five thousand dollars, or more—and now he'd a mind to settle down in Concord, where a man can be somebody if he has money enough to cut a dash; whereas, in Cincinnati one must be as rich as Croesus if he'd holdout with the big folks." How contemptible he is! Boasting of his shrewdness, his dishonesty in trade, as if it were a merit! How much injustice there is in the world, isn't there, Susy? In this case, if Mr. Hempdale had been unsuccessful in his dishonesty—I call it *dishonesty*, because you and I both know that is the true name—if he had been unsuccessful, he would now have been a miserable, despised creature. But as he has been successful, it is another thing. He may strut and boast. He may thrust one arm beneath the skirt of his coat, and the thumb of the other in the arm-hole of his waistcoat, and, as he says, *be somebody*.*Susy.* Concord is not the place for him, however.*Harriet.* No. Our not over-rich, but calm, substantially, clear-sighted families will be at no trouble in detecting the ass's ears, though they be enveloped in the skin of a lion. They will be polite to him; but when he would spread himself and be at all glorified, he must go before those flimsy persons, whose countenance is not worth *that*. (Snapping her finger.)*Susy.* Yes. See, Harriet! what rolls and rolls of silk I have! all colors—all forms—I am thinking of putting them into mosaic-work for chair-cushions.*Harriet.* You thinking of mosaic-work! I thought you had no patience with such things.*Susy.* When one is going to be married, I think one is in a measure—subdued, as it were, and patient and "careful about many things," one did not mind before. Don't you?*Harriet.* Oh yes indeed! You know how wild and foolish I was! Well, I was a new creature as soon as I loved Hal and knew that he loved me. Life seemed then for the first time to open itself before me, and I saw all I would need to be and do. I became so saving of everything! mamma laughed at me; for there were no still good, but obsolete dresses, that could not be made into quilts rather than given away; no sheets worn thin and useless as sheets, that would not do for bed-room curtains; and no bits of crash that would not be good for dish-towels. Papa was as—had as much money as ever; but Hal, Hal was mine and I was his; and together we were to begin at the foot of the hill and climb. We were together to begin where my parents began, not where they are now, after all their years of self-denying industry. I am *glad* to

begin there! Do you know, Susy dear, I am glad we shall begin poor, and together make our way to independence. I think we shall be dearer to each other for having "clamb the hill thegither." (*Singing, in smiles, but yet in tears.*)

"John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now me maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

Susy. Sing it all, Harriet dear.

Harriet. Not now—not now; sometime I will. When may we expect our lords?

Susy. Not until evening.

Harriet. I do not like their going out in boats. I shall not let Hal go fishing again, unless he will promise to stay on shore. Don't you feel apprehensive?

Susy. Not in the least. Hal goes so often and never meets the slightest accident! I will go now and help Maria. The pantry must need recruits by this time.

Harriet. Let me go too. I will help! together we will fill the pantry shortly.

(*Exeunt, singing.*)

"John Anderson my jo, John,
When first we were acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo."

SCENE II.—THE KITCHEN.

Harriet, Maria, Susy.—In wide aprons and sleeves rolled back.

Harriet. Now what shall I do, Maria?

Maria. What would you like to do? I have but just began. Sponge-cake, ginger-bread, custards and brown bread—those are all to be made yet.

Harriet. I know how to make all of them but the brown bread. We buy our brown bread. Let me take that, beginning with sifting the meal. (*Singing.*)

"John Anderson my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither—"

Susy, do help me to a more cheerful song! Or, no matter—no, Maria; I am going to sift the meal myself.

Susy. I will take the cake, Maria. And the Indian pudding! let us have an Indian pudding.

[*Enter grandfather, with oven wood.*]

Grandfather. What? My little, prim Concord lady making brown bread? Did you ever make any before?

Harriet. Not brown bread, because we

buy it hot for our breakfasts; but every other kind of bread, and every such thing I have made many times. Concord ladies have one good trait of which perhaps you are not aware, grandfather.—Mix with this milk, Maria?—They are the most industrious set of ladies you will find in any large town whatever. Don't you think they are, Susy?

Susy. Yes, they are. I know of many families among the wealthiest in town, who do their own work.

Harriet. I have heard it remarked that the steady prosperity of the town is owing in a great degree—Susy, please turn this sleeve back farther, it will be in the dough—I have heard it said that it is owing as much to this industry, as to the management of the men. Mamma says the wages of domestics are a small part of the loss in employing them; for, having no personal interest in economizing on the score of materials, they are apt to make their work as easy as possible, with waste, or without waste, as happens.

Susy. Maria, my child! you pour the cream on the table!—That is no doubt true, Harriet. It is very different at P—, a town much smaller, much less wealthy than Concord. You know Miss Lane, of that place, visited us last winter. She is twenty years old, but as helpless as a child. She absolutely knows nothing about household affairs, nor does she see with any ability. They all lament this inefficiency, herself and her parents; but none others of the young ladies of the village work, and therefore she does not work—The nutmeg, if you please, Maria. Harriet, I think you have kneaded that enough.—And if Miss Lane's father's estate had been perfectly unincumbered, he was not near so wealthy as yours. He has failed now; failures occur very frequently at P—; while at Concord, the families thrive. There are a great many old families there.

Harriet. Yes; you seldom hear of a failure, of a family broken down there, unless it is from sickness, death of the father, or some other unavoidable misfortune. On this account, grandfather, I bespeak no small share of your favor for us Concord ladies.

Grandfather. And you shall have it as long as you keep your prudent, industrious habits.—That Caroline Lane seems to be a pleasant, good-hearted sort of girl; but I didn't give her much credit for her good-nature; for, as Mark Somebody in Martin Chuzzlewit said, who wouldn't be jolly in that way? Why, she has nothing to do but to be jolly. If I could see her work as our Susy does a part of every day of her life, and still be jolly, I should have faith in her.—I know that being a good housekeeper isn't the chief corner-stone of all the virtues and graces; but a woman that don't know pretty

well how to work, is little better than a doll in this young country that is so full of ups and downs.—We can think how it is with Caroline, now that Mr. Lane is a poor man.

Harriet. She must learn to work now. It is never too late.

Grandfather. Never too late to learn; but very often too late to repair the consequences of past ignorance. Caroline and her mother can never put into Mr. Lane's purse the hundreds, I might say thousands—for he has been hiring help these twenty-five years—that he has lost in one way and another, by their not bearing their share in "the burden and the heat of the day."

Susy. Well, I am more inclined to pity than to blame Caroline. Custom and Duty have been in conflict there; and it has been with them as it is too apt to be with us all, Custom has had the mastery.

Grandfather. But what is custom? who establishes it? who established this foolish custom at P—?

Susy. Ah, I suppose Mrs. Lane and Caroline bore their part!

Grandfather. That they did! I have been at P—. The Lanes had as much influence as any family there. With the Russells and the Gilberts, they might have overturned a dozen such silly, inconvenient customs as this, and established better ones in their stead.—Have you enough oven-wood, Maria?—If a woman is feeble like Mrs. Nash, she must hire, and the daughters must be the sufferers for it; since, as Mrs. Nash says, few besides mothers will have the patience to teach young girls how to work, choosing rather to do it all themselves. But I suppose I have preached long enough. I may as well go and practice awhile among the weeds in the garden. Susy, what did you do with my hoe?

Susy. I put it exactly where I found it.

Grandfather. As you always do of late. I needn't ask; it is all a habit I have got into. And you *did* use to put into the strangest of all places, where nobody would think of looking after it! Don't you remember?

Susy. Yes, indeed, I guess I do. I shall never forget that, nor your patience when I tried you so.—Our folks have a fine day.

Grandfather. Yes; your father and mother are over to John's before this time, and the fishers at the lake. Susy, I'll dig among your flowers awhile if you'd like to have me. You have so much to do in the house; and I suppose I may as well begin now, since I shall so soon have them wholly on my hands. Tears, Susy? Well, it is no joking matter at all, at all.

MONDAY, the 31st.

He has gone—he has gone; and the life has gone out of me. We are so perfectly

happy together, we look forward with such fond hopes to the time when we shall be no more separated. I cannot help dreading that it will not last—that some fatal thing will come in to part us. But I shall work it off. Webs and webs of cloth are below, and already mother and Harriet's scissors are amongst them. Harriet has begged to stay and sew for me—the dear, dear girl! She is reconciled to Hal's and her disappointment now; Hal is reconciled, because Mr. Kittredge is to make arrangement for him at Dr. Mott's of New York, and for his unrestricted range of the hospitals. These are invaluable privileges. He will return in season for lectures at Hanover in the fall, so that we are all beginning to look forward to Christmas as the happy time that will make them one. But this will be as God wills. I do not feel secure. I tremble for myself and for others because "Death is in the world." In other respects I feel secure; but, oh, I dread that Death may come! and I can only pray—do thou, God, keep us, since thou only canst!

JUNE 15th.

"You're duin consider'ble, I sh'd think, Susy. I couldn't begin to have sich a pile o' things in ten year, or *more*. Ye work every minute, don't yer? I don't see ye out as I use tu."

"No; we find our exercise in the house helping mother and Maria, and then they sit and sew with us. It is in this way that the pile has grown so high."

"I thought ye couldn't do anything seacely, ye have so much company a-comin' and goin'."

"Oh, the ladies all bring their thimbles and needle-books, and then look to me for the rest."

"Where is *your* thimble, Mrs. George?" asked Maria.

"Gracious! I guess ye wouldn't want much o' *my* cowollowopin. Ye'd laff, I guess; and and ef ye did, yer mouths wouldn't be much wider'n my stitches, that's a fact! Somehow my stitches are of all sizes, and allers war. I never could see like most folks." Mrs. George laughed, blushed and sat uneasily in her chair as she spoke.

"Well, Mrs. George," said mother, "there is one thing you can do better than any woman I know."

"What's that?" asked Mrs. George, with a look of pleased excitement.

"Taking care of the sick. And this is a great thing, greater than being a skilful sewer."

"Wall, somehow I *du* allers know jest what to *du* fer folks when they're sick. I can seem to see into 'em, as it war, and know whether their pillar is right er not, whether they're cold and need ter be rubbed and kind o'

warmed up, or whether they're feverish and want the cold cloths on 'em. Many and many's the sick woman that's said I made her feel better. But I must go. I'm afraid that Harriet 'll be down; and I look so, she'll laff at me."

"No sooner than we would, Mrs. George," replied mother. "We have told her how faithful you have been in your family, and how good you are to the sick, so that she respects you."

"You're very good, Miss L——. Everybody is good ter me. I think sometimes that nobody has so much ter be thankful fer as I have. And then agin it looks dark an' on-pleasant in the old house, and 'f I look ou' doors, 'tis dark there tu, ef the sun is a shinin' ever ser bright; and then I'm sure I do' know what I should du, ef I couldn't come down here, thinkin' as I come along that you'll be good ter me, and make it lighter, as 't war, fer me. But I must go now. I'll come down agin. Susy, I sh'll want ter keep a comin'; fer soon I shan't see your face when I come, a lookin' 's ef it was made ter help the sun brighten things here in this world."

No one replied. No one can, when any such things are said of my leaving home. Poor Mrs. George went out looking as if, in this one instance at least, my face had failed in making the world light to her.

Hal is in New York, boarding with Mr. Kittredge.

S—— and the children are coming to-morrow to stay a few days with us. I shall be choked with tears all the time; for the last time—the last time, is the thought that will be for ever intruding. They will come again, but not until the wedding; and neither then, nor ever again, will it be with us all here as it has been. The little Jenny! the little Jenny! how will my heart yearn for her!

Letters come often from New York. Yesterday, a very large package of dress and other goods came by express, and accompanying it a letter, of which the following is an extract; "I never knew what a lady wears. I know nothing about what she needs in a bridal outfit; but my careful Aunt Mary said to me this morning: 'Harry, you never think of these things; but do you suppose she can get all those things she will need for Saratoga and the Falls, in a country town like F——?' I knew nothing about the matter, and therefore gave her a *carte blanche* upon the shops. I fear you will not fancy such brilliant stuffs as some of these are; and I shall always like you best in the simple style you maintain at present. Retain them, however; have them made up; it will give my aunt a great pleasure, as they are of her choosing; and she has few pleasures to brighten her life's de-

cine, if one gratifies her in the minor matters as well as the greater. I have told you that she has lost a husband and seven children, her all. She bids me tell you that the *mother* in her heart is already stirred for you from reading your writings, from seeing your picture, and, above all, from knowing that you have undertaken to take care of her Harry, who needs a wife so much."

I never saw anything so rich as one piece of light shot silk for the dress, *par excellence*. It is like silver, it is like gold, it is like a sunny cloud, all of them by turns, and neither long. But there is only one thing that can reconcile me to wearing such expensive and showy articles—knowing that Harry's Aunt Mary will find pleasure in seeing me near them. By degrees I will bring her into reconciliation with my simple muslins for summer and my black silk for winter. She will soon see that these are most suitable "for my style of manner and all that," as fashionable ladies say; for that she is a woman of excellent taste, is evinced by her choice of articles for my *trousseau*.

S—— will bring a dress-maker with her from Concord—the best there, who is delighted with this opportunity of spending a fortnight in the country.

Three weeks from to-morrow will be the wedding-day. Harriet will remain with me until it is past. Her parents, young M——, by his own request, Uncle John and Aunt Susy will come, together with W—— and the boys, by the last train Wednesday; but they are to remain all night at a hotel in the village, that our small house may not be overrun with lodgers. We have commanded Mr. Kittredge and Hal to do the same—hoping that they will disobey us. S——, with baby, will be here some days before the wedding, that some charming plan she and Harriet have about converting the parlor to a fairy bower, may be suitably enacted. They do not let me into it at all. I have only heard a few words about "flowers"—"roses" and "asparagus."

Many of our friends at the villages and in the neighborhood will be invited to come at twelve o'clock. We shall be married at one, and start immediately for the cars.

NEWBURYPORT, July 13th.

A subscriber to the "Bulletin," and a member of the Massachusetts legislature withal, has dragged Harry off to a council of politicians convened at Judge Berry's—another of Harry's subscribers. He declined going at first; but yes; he must go! All the members were his friends and subscribers. The convention was altogether extemporaneous, got up on his account. His advice was wanted upon certain questions of vital interest.—

(Touching the tariff, or railroad acts, or President Polk and General Scott, of course; for these are the questions of vital interest to the majority of politicians.)

"Your young wife's eyes hold on upon you, I see, sir," said he, in conclusion, and shaking his fat sides; "but we are old subscribers, old friends, Mrs. Kittredge; we have stood by him longer than you have."

Blushing and laughing I ordered Harry to go, assuring him and Esquire Ladd that I would manage very well without him. But I do not. Aunt Melvin, who is very old and very much an invalid, excused herself for the night before he went. Uncle has gone with him, so that I am in the old, rich, tomb-like looking parlor alone. If it were not for my journal! It is better in some respects than forty husbands, since it always stands by me, as Esquire Ladd said.

At the wedding, everything went as we had planned beforehand, excepting the tears. No one had calculated on so many tears. Mrs. George came down to wait upon the children. She was within sight and hearing of the ceremony, and she wept all the time, thinking, as she afterwards said, "how dark 'twould be all the whole tote o' the time up to her house arter I was gone entirely."

The prayer melted us all. It was of such solemn import and made in such trembling tones. The good old man baptized my parents; he baptized their children in their infancy. He has always had us under his eye and felt himself our spiritual father because his own hand consecrated us. He alluded to all these touching circumstances in his prayer, and implored that, of all the resolutions we formed for the regulation of our wedded life, this might be first, this last—"As for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

There were no dry eyes; and when the parting came there were sobs from the children, their mother, Harriet and many others of my young friends. Mother was pale, her lips quivered constantly and she wrung her hands, but she did not weep, although she suffered more, no doubt, than any other one. Poor, old grandfather shook from head to foot; father was graver than any judge in the land; but for the rest, there were just brisk applications of handkerchiefs to the nose, but no tears of course; nor was there any laughter. Prof. S—— tried, when the ceremony was over, to get up a little diversion; but no one entered into it with any heartiness except Uncle Hempdale. Now I think of it! does my Thalia know that the Hempdales were here, G—— and all? for G—— is no longer the absolute ex-treasurer G——, but gradually relinquishing his never-very-tenacious identity, he is gradually becoming "one of the Hempdales."

They, the Hempdales that is, came to the wedding because Uncle Hempdale *would* come, invitation or no invitation. Was I not their own niece? was I ever known to stand a minute on ceremony? would they not have been invited if they had reached Concord in season for us to be apprised of their arrival? as Uncle John's folks, the H—— and the K—— families, and so on, were going up, as it was to be on the whole such a *popular* piece of business, why shouldn't they have a finger in it? He should come! He meant to be in some pretty grand office or other, representative or something else, before two years; and he must work himself into popularity by littles as he went along; and having it known all over Concord that he was invited here and there, where the rest of the big folks were invited, would do a great deal towards it. The man had so little tact as to repeat to me the arguments by which he induced them to come. And yet, he said, he believed they wouldn't have consented, if Uncle John and W—— had not urged them some, and warranted them a welcome on all hands. "G—— hung back even then," he said, "but I fixed him, by telling him that he refused because he couldn't bear to see his old sweetheart married to another, and to such an out-and-out popular man as Esquire Kittredge." Poor G——! poor G——! he who has been so afraid of disturbing himself, will now be often disturbed by others I fear. Oh, I was so glad to see him here! But as we stood chatting of the trees, the vines, and all the familiar things about, and of Pompey—for he remembered G——, and came shaking himself to pieces almost with his joy at the meeting—Julia's frown deepened, and—would he free her dress from the rose-bush? carefully! carefully! ah, he had drawn it! Did not he, did not *we* admire the very abundant granite, the rock-heaps and the scraggy walls? I saw her bitterness, and longed to turn it into sweetness for G——'s sake. I answered her, therefore, as if it had been so much good-natured raillery that she was exercising upon our rural tastes. But it would not do; the frown still deepened; and dreading what might come next, I turned to the little shortest of all the Fudges, who was holding one of my hands in both of his, and beckoned Hal, who also was in the yard, to come and attend to G——.

Henry and Willis (whose *alias* is sometimes Nill, sometimes Togus) were talking a little apart. Like their Aunt Susy, they are generally doing at least two things at a time. Henry was folding closer and closer and closer still, the last number of the "Bulletin," while Nill arranged a cluster of cinnamon roses, buds and leaves on the bush before them, tipping his fine head ever and anon to examine the effect.

"Will she see him? will Aunt Susy see him?" he was just asking Henry, as Howy and I joined them.

"Yes, she'll see him—shan't you, Aunt Susy? Shan't you see Willis Gaylord Clark's brother? He lives in New York, don't he?"

"Yes, he lives in New York. Perhaps I shall see him."

"If you do see him," said Nill, with his eyes growing wide and his voice full of tears, "tell him I love him. You tell him I love him, really love him, won't you?"

"Why do you love him?" I asked.

"Henry has been reading in that—in that—"

"'Ollapodiana,' he means," explained Henry.

"Yes, *that*. He's been reading in that about it—about how he died—Willis I mean—and about how bad Lewis felt. What was it that Lewis said about it—about the tired steed—*steed* means *horse* sometimes, did you know it, Aunt Susy?"

"Yes, I did."

"No it don't, *Illus*," said the little self-willed Fudge down there. "*Horse* means horse. I'll ask grandpa if it don't," and away he ran to meet father who was looking after him.

"Howy thinks he knows everything, don't he, Aunt Susy? and see what a little thing he is running there!"

Nill laughed heartily over Howy's great assumptions and short legs. But in an instant he was serious, and his voice was utterly changed in tone, as he renewed his inquiries of Henry.

"What was it, Henry, that Lewis said when Willis died?"

"He said, 'Life, like a spent steed, panted to its goal, and Death sealed up the glazing eye, and stilled the faltering tongue.' Willis made me read it over and over to him, until I can say it without the book."

"I hate Death!" said Nill, with a flushed face, and at every breath swallowing his emotions. "I hate it! When he was such a dear, dear good man; when everybody, even we all who never saw him, feel so bad, and keep feeling so bad although it's been so long since—months and months, Henry says—I hate it! Why couldn't it take that wicked Tim Crowell down to Concord, that everybody wishes would die?"

"Do you wish Tim Crowell would die?" I asked.

"I wish he had died instead of *him*. Or—or I don't know as I do; for he'd have to be shut right down in the grave, you know, where he couldn't alter anything; and have his bad words, and getting drunk, and fighting, and all such things—I don't know, I suppose they wouldn't really; but it seems to me as if all these bad things he has done would be round his grave and going through Concord, like

shadows, Aunt Susy! just like shadows!—I mean if he died just as he is now."

"How does it seem when you think of Willis Gaylord Clark's grave?" I asked, cheerfully.

"Oh, I think of the white-winged angels; such as are over the young babe and his mother in the great bible; you've seen them! and of other beautiful things such as we never see—really *see*; and flowers and green things, and no shadows—no shadows."

I was full of wonder; I often am at his beautiful fancies. But they excite him too much. He has been made sick by them when they were too long protracted. On this account I now attempted to fix his attention on a carriage that was just coming in sight. It succeeded in part.

"If you see Lewis," said he, "you tell him I'm named for his brother. And tell him I love him. Don't forget to tell him this, 'cause he'll be glad. He says he hopes his country won't let his brother's *name* die. Tell him it won't. Perhaps he won't know it; but we shall be thinking about him and talking about him, shan't we, Henry. And I'm going to tell James, and Fred, and Jonny, and *all* the boys—that I like—about him; and then there'll be a lot to love him and remember him, won't there, Aunt Susy? I know them folks in that carriage—Col. S——, Mrs. S—— and Em—"

They had come early to assist us, as they promised. But it was eleven o'clock; time to be dressing; and, setting Nill to throw sticks away, for Pompey to bring back, I made my way into the house.

Heigho! I suppose I may as well describe the parlor under S—— and Harriet's beautiful metamorphosis. Going this way and that way, like a crab, I shall have my whole story told, I fear, before Harry's face will be in the door.

I suppose those people at Judge Berry's will think they have a right to swallow him whole, since they are his subscribers! as if it were altogether a gratuity, an overwhelming favor, paying him two dollars a year for the "Bulletin." But, peace! they are his *friends* too. I begin to think that nobody has so many friends as he. Wherever we stirred at Concord, Andover and the "New City," forward sprang a friend glad enough to see him, to have his hand on his shoulder. I see that it will be the same here. We shall tarry here only a day or two; only until we have letters from home and from Concord. Then we shall proceed directly to the Springs, without stopping in New York. It is so hot now in town! and as I must sometime see what life is at the Springs, sometime look on the Falls, we both think this the best time. Harry's Aunt Mary will be at the Springs before us. Few things could give me greater pleasure than this ar-

rangement. It is all Aunt Mary's. I made my real, Dr. Thorn of a Harry confess that he has not invention enough for any such achievements. He commissioned his aunt to find me a maid, and she found herself and her own maid. I will go on my knees before her for this.

They come!—they come! the heavy, slow steps—those turn to aunt's room; and the quick, elastic steps—these come hither. But I will make out such an absorbing business of this diary-writing as shall make Harry see that he is not of the least consequence to me, that I would be as contented wedded to a diary as to him. See, Harry! see what I have written here about a certain Dr. Thorn, who some way has it in his head that I could not well get along without him.

Harry. (Reading over Susy's shoulder as she reports him stenographically on the same page.) "Shall make Harry see that he is not of the least consequence to me—that I would be as contented wedded to a diary as to him."

Susy. What do you say to that?

Harry. I shall give you one long, dear kiss—no; on your lips; and your own heart will beat off a contradiction of your pen. Ah, it is good parting, is it not, my child, for the sake of the meetings? Let your pen go—let me see your eyes—confess that I am worth more to you than forty diaries.

Susy. Worth more to me than five hundred diaries! more than anything, *everything* else in the wide world!

THE 14th.

"My beloved—my beloved"—in the dearest, best of all voices, was Harry's reply, as he gathered me into his arms and led me away from the table; and—worth more to me than everything else in the whole world! was the oft-repeated thought in the hour that we sat there, he all the while unfolding to me the wealth of his richly-stored mind, his benevolent heart. We talked of the poor and the wretched in that great city where we shall have our abode, and of the good we will try to do them. Fashion should not monopolize our time, or our fortune; for were we not the Heaven-appointed stewards of the one and the other? and did not our Master, when he was on earth, by his ministries to the sick, the poor and the afflicted, show us what is our duty here? With the rich, the numberless viands that beget dyspepsia and drain the purse of means that might be vastly better appropriated, we would have nothing to do. I introduced my simple bread-and-milk system to him, damask cover, porcelain bowls, silver pitcher and all; and had the satisfaction of seeing that his appreciation of their merits, equalled my own. We have decided that we will have nothing whatever to do with this New York May-moving mania. Harry has a

house in view, near the "Bulletin Building," which he proposes buying. He waits my concurrence. We are to stay at Aunt Mary's while the house is in the upholsterer's hands; and when once we enter it, there—God helping us—we are to remain; and the chairs, and tables, and mirrors are to remain and grow old with us. We are to have an elegant library, where together we are to make up copy for the "Bulletin;" and, when the busy day is over, sit and chat in each other's arms. I am to take my walks among the poor, attend to my shopping and my calls among the few acquaintances I shall have, while Harry is engaged at his office, that—

"That when I come home you may be entirely at my disposal," concluded he. And in his character of tyrant, he imprisoned the hand with whose fore-finger I was just beginning to model a perimeter of his nose, by laying it on that organ, so that he might see just how long and how crooked it is.

He has gone out to take leave of a few of his friends. I came to our room to see to the packing, while he is away, and Aunt Melvin in the garden gathering currants with an old neighbor who has none. Harry *does* leave his things around, as I—hoped. His knife would have been left hidden among the books on a table below, and his hair brush behind a mirror on our dressing-table, if I had not seen to them. This and many other similar things, convince me that in one thing I excel him—in carefulness over the little things; and this is the only superiority I *would* have over my husband, if a fairy stood at my side ready to grant whatever I chose to ask.

We confidently expect our letters by the evening mail; and if they come we shall leave town to-morrow morning by the early train. Harry's step is in the hall—

EVENING.

It is well with the dear ones at home and at C—. I thank my God for the full cup; and as earnestly I beg that its draught may have no intoxication for me; that I may be humble, remembering as I drink, that any moment "the pitcher may be broken at the fountain" and my supplies cut off.

Hal is to remain at home two weeks, "that the parents may in a degree be weaned from their present regret, before a new one is added."

Henry wrote a few words in the package from C—. "If I want to send him anything ever, he wishes it might be a book of travels, something as much like 'The Bible in Spain' as I can find. If I *could* only send him Froissart's Chronicles! he has been wishing for that so long!" Nill cannot write a word, and therefore he filled his part of the page with one of his laughable drawings. The subject is a smoking locomotive and a man

tumbling head foremost over a fence to escape it. Howy made his mark, and it is as erect, precise and heavy as himself. Jenny could only leave a kiss on a place denoted by her mother, for me to take off.

But, if I do not pack away my diary, my tyrant says, and do thus and so, he will do so and thus; I shall obey him—because I must.

Boston, July 14th.

Whom did we meet to-day, as we waited at a hotel here in Boston the hour for the boat's starting? whom but Vernon? Our eyes just met, and in an instant he turned from me. Was it shame? or was it anger for my old treatment at C——? I did not know; but I saw that he colored deeply; and that his features wore an expression of the deepest pain. Harry left the parlor just before he entered. He spoke to no one; but stood still as a statue, with his back toward me, looking on a print. I was grieved for him. Would he not suffer enough, sin enough, without those old, caustic inscriptions of mine eating into his heart? Yes; and I would go to him, hold out my hand to him, and with kind words leave new impressions, that should obliterate and fill the place of the old. Accordingly, as I had planned, I executed. He looked at first startled and then surprised, as if he doubted his eyes, or his ears; and at last pleased, grateful, as if he were relieved of a heavy load. In a few moments we were left alone; and then letting his arms fall, throwing off the constrained manner he had worn while others were present, he opened his whole heart to me.

"Tell me!" said he, "do you not know all?—the deed that I committed and your husband forgave!"

"I know it all," replied I, still looking him quietly in the face.

"And *you* let it all pass. You, who always had charity and kindness for everybody but me, now have it for me."

"Yes; I do not like you, you *know* I do not like you and respect you as I should if you were the noble, good man you might be so easily—so easily! with your talent, your agreeable manner and education! but you are my brother. The same good, forgiving Father made us, watches over us. We are going life's way together; and before many, a great many years, at the farthest, we shall both lie low in the grave. We shall both sin enough and suffer enough, if no bitterness, no uncharitableness be in our hearts one toward the other.—Forgive me my unkindness at C——; I have been sorry for it ever since, and have longed to see you to tell you of it."

"For God's sake, don't ask forgiveness of me, if you wouldn't crush me to the dust where I deserve to be! There is not so vile

a wretch breathing!—But if I could have known, Mrs. Kittredge, that, as you say, you were sorry for your coldness, it would have saved me a great crime and shame. But you seemed so cold and haughty to me, all the while that you were so affable to W—— and every other one, there was no reproach, no rebuke for me in the world like it. I brooded over it. I saw your haughty looks constantly before me. When others looked coldly on me, or slandered me, it was you who were the cause. You were opposed to me and all Concord knew it. These impressions followed me when I left; they became as it were a monomania. She shall see! I muttered with oaths through my clenched teeth. I would make you suffer, I determined, in W——'s ruin. But there I was foiled, and again it was you who were the cause. By my terribly excited and perverted fancy, you were the cause of the long run of mischances that followed. You had frozen me, palsied me, so that my brain had no clearness nor strength. I gambled high, losing at every stake. But for a few thousands deposited at that time out of my control, I should have been utterly ruined. Meanwhile I had been a constant reader of your papers in the 'Bulletin,' and—charity for everybody but me! was the corroding thought as I read. I was acquainted with Mr. Kittredge's foreman, and incidentally learned the time of his (Mr. Kittredge's) visiting you. I believed that he would marry you; and instantly set my invention to work to find some way of frustrating it. I thought first of forged letters, ending, as you know, with forged checks, not half so much to make myself rich, as to make him poor, and in this way prevent your union, for the present, at least. You know how this failed. I have been on a rack ever since. I could not endure to think that *you*, the bitterest enemy of my peace, should marry him, who had shown himself so superior to any other man I had ever met! My mind even recurred to the forged letters again—but I need not dwell on these horrible details. I am thankful to have met you here. Meeting your undeserved kindness, and opening my heart to you, will help me to be a better man, and a happier man; for, Mrs. Kittredge, I have not been happy."

"Oh. I see you have not! But why *my* coldness, my neglect, alone! You know that there many others at C—— who—"

"Who treated me with tenfold neglect and haughtiness—yes, indeed! yes, indeed! And they slandered me beyond all truth and conscience; said things about me that you would not have said for your right hand."

"Then why—"

"I can tell you," interrupted he, smiling. "They are the engine-hose, the hydrant, the

water-spout in the hands of the rabble. You laugh sometimes and sometimes you are vexed when these are turned against you. They do you no good; they hurt you in many ways. If you were unclean before you are made still more unclean, still more reckless as to what befalls you. But you are not utterly dismayed and thrown aside, as you are if the sparkling, upward-going fountain, the fountain that charms and refreshes every other one who comes near, turns out of its course purposely to hit you and set you going. You admired the fountain so deeply! and already you were beginning to find yourself refreshed, and to form plans of purifying yourself there and sinning no more!—could you forgive the fountain, Mrs. Kittredge? Wouldn't *you* be grieved or angry every time you thought of this freak of the fountain?"

"Ah! but it was not wholly a *freak* in me," replied I, laughing with him at his ingenious comparison.

"No, I suppose it was not. I tried you severely. I was so worthless, and at the same time had such footing there, you dreaded the mischief I might work, particularly upon young W—. But as I was peculiarly wicked, so had you the more need of exercising towards me your peculiar graces, your patience, your long suffering. You should have said to me frankly, as you have said to-day—I do not like you as I should if you were the good man you are capable of being; but you are my brother. You should have done this, not because I deserved it at your hands; but you owe it to all of God's creatures, however degraded they may be; since kindness is the only thing that can operate beneficially upon their minds. But a thousand pardons for presuming to preach to you."

"No, indeed! you are just the one that should preach on this head; for your own experience furnishes you both text and comment. I am glad to hear you preach; and I want to see you acting upon your theory. You should return to New York and *work* it out there. You surely have been idle long enough in this world, where there are so many in as great need of kindness as ever you have been."

Harry came in with a valued friend of his, who would be made acquainted with me; who feared that his wife and daughters would not forgive him, if he did not carry us home to spend the rest of the day, several days with them. We were obliged to decline; for a part of our baggage had already been conveyed on board the boat.

Vernon dined with us; he will accompany us to New York. He and Harry, as I write, are in an adjoining room, discussing what may be done in the way of establishing him in business on the remains of his once large

fortune. He is an orphan, he has informed me. His parents died when he was a child, leaving him to the guardianship of an uncle of a very worldly character. Always bustling, hurrying one way and another, with his hands running over of his own rent-rolls and mortgage-deeds, he had only leisure to see to it, that his ward's inheritance was securely and profitably invested, and that the ward himself was kept at the schools. The primary school, the grammar school, Yale College—he was sure that his nephew, in whom he gloried as a dashing, spirited fellow, had spent the required time at them all. This was all he knew of his intellectual acquirements, and far more than he knew of his moral character. No wonder that Vernon went astray in that great city, with the unbounded means of dissipation that came into his hands at the completion of his minority, with his empty heart, with no living soul to care for him, or for whom he might care.

Harry enters.

Harry. Susy, dear!

Susy. Harry!

Harry. It is a glorious evening! It will be two hours before the boat will start; let us walk a little.—You are pale, my child.

Susy. Yes; I am tired of this diary.

Harry. Well, pack it away. I will not leave you so long again, even for forty Vernons.

Susy. Ah, do not! especially when the day is gloaming—or, not until we get with Aunt Mary.—Let me turn your cravat a little—just a little. The knot is a little one side. There, see if that is not perfect.

Harry. (Looking in a mirror.) Yes! and how good it is having a dear, careful child to see to one!—Now let me put on your shawl. How is it that one never sees any thing one-sided, or out of place about your dress?—one never—

NEW YORK, May 1, 1849.

I remember that, on looking in the mirror to adjust my bonnet, I saw that my brooch and the ribbon-knot that it fastened, were altogether one-sided. But *he* did not see it; he never sees that I wear, or say, or do any one sided thing whatever, bless him! I altered the brooch without saying anything; but determined that the undeserved praise should make me worthy of its repetition.

Apropos of praise—in committing this diary into my publisher's hands, it is not because I think it in the least fine, or startling. There should have been more incidents if they had fallen of themselves to my lot. They should have been better developed if I had been more capable. I have done the best that I could with them. Such as they are, I have thought that they may suggest some useful and agreeable things to the reader's mind. I have

thought that some young mother may gather from them convictions, that *praise*, in proportion as it is more or less deserved, is the child's dearest, best reward; and the want of praise its severest, most suitable punishment. If the mother who shows a joyful face, and says—"That is a dear, good boy! That is a dear, good girl!" over the right, is thoughtful and silent over the wrong, is she not understood? Look at the heaving breast, the quivering lip, the fast-falling tears, and see. I will read this to Aunt Mary and see if she does not think as I do.

Susy. (After having read.) Do you not think the same, my dear aunt?

Aunt Mary. Oh, yes, if the mother can always know the right and the wrong, and their degrees; and if she can always show the joyful face and command the approving, cordial voice. But it will often happen that many circumstances of her child's actions will be unperceived by her. Even if she sees them all, her judgment will sometimes be clouded, in one way or another, so that her verdict upon them will not always be correct. And then, my dear child, think how often she is half-sick, worn and fretted, even if she have the best temper, the best children in the world! To save her life she cannot always, at the right moment, command the right look, the right tone and manner. I suppose you can scarcely see how this can be. You expect to be the paragon of mothers, and that this little creature—(looking down on the little, white-robed, wax-like baby that lies on her lap)—and this little creature, you expect that she will be the paragon of babies.

Susy. No indeed! all dreams of *perfection* in my management as a mother, and in my children, disappeared long ago; when I came to see that S—— with all the wisdom she and I had concocted together, could not make little angels of her children. But—

Aunt Mary. But *you*, with your own child—I know how you feel about it. We shall see in a few years that your confidence in the influence of the mother, still stands too high. She can do a great deal; but not all she hopes and plans. Dr. P—— used to be often preaching to us mothers, telling what *mothers* could do, how *mothers* could mould the soft clay that was put into their hands almost at will. Well, years passed on and he had sons and daughters at home; but no advice came, as formerly, to parents, to mothers. "What is the reason, Dr. P——, that you advise us mothers so little late years?" said a friend of mine to him, one day. "You used to be always giving us good advice, telling us what to do." "I am a parent myself now; my wife is a mother," replied the doctor, laughing; "and I have learned how much easier it is to advise than to do all one advises."

Susy. And you think, aunt, that my own experience will teach me the same lesson by-and-by, if I do not receive it now from your lips.

Aunt Mary. Yes, dear; but our talking wakes the baby—

And therefore I will write in silence; for baby must not be disturbed; Aunt Mary would hush the Pope in the midst of a benediction, if the benediction disturbed baby.

I have thought, moreover, that the part of my life connected with Vernon may be suggestive of the charity that suffereth *long*, and still is kind; that hopeth all things, forgiveth all things. There are multitudes like Vernon in the land. I hope my readers will agree with me, that "the engine-hose, the hydrant, the water-spout, in the hands of the rabble," had better not be turned on them; that they had better be left to stand unmolested beside "the upward-going fountains," until peace and visions of inward purification take possession of their thoughts and purposes. And I hope the fountains will see that there are better things for them to do, than breaking loose from their sober, natural tendencies, and flying off in a tangent for the purpose of hitting those poor souls!

Have my readers seen Dr. Bushnell's lecture delivered last Commencement at Cambridge? Do they approve his theory of Work and Play? I do! I do! Let me hope then, that, as penning the diary was play for me, even so reading it may be play for them. Assured of this result, I could be perfectly satisfied with its mission in the world.

It will be seen that the quotations from my diary end just as my wedded life began; not because then "the newness and beauty of being were ended," but because this volume already exceeds my original intentions. Of my two last years, I shall only say that it is wonderful reviewing them, and marking how one after another of my early dreams have become realities. Harry shall not bend any longer over the flying pen. The veins swell out on his forehead, and his lips are rigidly compressed with thought. Dr. Thorn! Harry!

Harry. What, my child?

Susy. Is it not singular how almost all my early aspirations have worked themselves forward into actual life? the success in authorship, the travel in my own and other lands, the easier life for my parents through our means, the beautiful home, the paintings, the statues, the books, all the elegant things—even the bread-and-milk system of dietetics, silver pitcher and all! Is it not singular?

Harry. (Crossing over and throwing himself on the carpet at Susy's feet and close beside the cradle.) Yes; and do you not see that you have been doing what the race should do?

Susy. What can that be? Ah, Harry! don't wake her!

Harry. I want the soft thing in my arms. Let me rest my head here, I am tired to-night. What I was going to say, dearest, is, that in the true and simple life you have been living, you have illustrated in part one of the greatest ideas of the day—that attraction is proportional to destiny, just as that vining plant in the window climbs upward to its destiny, attracted by the thrifty japonica.

Susy. Yes; do you not remember? When it began to life its head and look about for a support, that stunted rose-bush was just as near it as the stout japonica. But we saw how it steered as straight as one could move their finger-point, to the stem of the japonica. It did this of its true instincts; but if—

Harry. If the vine had had our human reason—

Susy. It might perhaps have leaned to the rose, for the sake of the beauty and fragrance of the rose; and after a few inches it could have climbed no farther. Or, Harry! perhaps it would have turned directly downward to the mould, and thrust its delicate head here and there amongst the grains of earth, in search of golden grains;—just as I might have accepted G— for the sake of his fortune, his position, and been ruined—ruined; for if a woman is ever so rich, ever so much bowed down to on account of her riches, she is ruined if, in the most important movement of her whole lifetime, she takes a false step, contracts the ill-assorted marriage. While it is yet the morning of her days, she is left swaying to and fro, like the vine that chooses the stunted rose, with no support, no inducement or means of climbing upward. She is exposed to the bruises, the blighting influences of every rude thing that crosses her way. Her home is cold and cheerless; her children—poor, unhappy things!—Harry, I think that our child, if she lives, will have troubles in her womanhood, cares, sickness, and perhaps bitter trials that we can do nothing to avert; but she opens her eyes now on a happy, happy home. Yes, the dear! you *may* take her now, Harry. She has slept long enough.

Harry. The beautiful, the soft child! the good, the beloved mother!

APPENDIX.

There have been wonderful things done in our little, bustling Granite State since then—since the summer of '46. Railroads, railroads! one can scarcely stir there, they say, that one is not obliged to "look out for the engine while the bell rings;" and I can bear witness that one does not open a New Hamp-

shire paper, that one does not see proposals, or something of that sort, for a new railroad from Concord to Portsmouth, from Concord to Hooksett—when they already have one—from. I do not know whether there is to be one from Peeling to Orange; but presume there will be, if anybody will hold up his hand and say he wants one.

In the summer of '46, which way soever one went north of Concord, if by public conveyance, it must be in a stage-coach. Now, in May, '49, within three miles of the home at F—, there are three railroads, the Northern, the Montreal, the Franklin and Bristol Branch.

H— has no patience. He says it is the way our people grow crazy and overdo in every sort of speculation. He says that, by-and-by, no beautiful places can be built up—unless they be manufacturing—no lands can be improved, no expenditures can be made, *not even for travelling*; because every farthing that could be scraped together, will have been swallowed up of the railroad stocks.

But this is not to the point; burying Cæsar, as it were, when I came to praise him. I would say of the journey from Concord to the lake and mountains, that (thanks to the Montreal railroad!) it will not be this season the weary, dusty way it was two years ago. I would say to those of my mountain-going readers who will start from Boston, Lowell, Nashua, Manchester, or any of the intermediate stations, let me tell you what it is best for you to do.

Look through the long train for the car you will enter. Do you not see one unlike the rest of the train, delicately tinged with blue, with "The Lake—White Mountains," inscribed among the destinations? Well, enter that; and you need not leave your seat until you reach the lake. Perhaps you do not see the Montreal car; perhaps it was not sent below Concord by the last train. If it was not, take either of the others, leaving it at Concord; since above that place are two roads; the Northern following the Merrimac to Franklin, thence bearing off to the Connecticut; and the Montreal going north to the Winnipiseogee. One depot at Concord serves both companies; so that the Montreal train is close at hand.

Soon, in sixteen miles, you are at the Winnipiseogee river, an outlet of the lake. (It unites at Franklin with the Pemmigiwasset from the White Mountains, forming the Merrimac.) Soon you are at the lake! I hope it is a pleasant day! I hope the sun is shining upon lake, woods, green fields, gray rocks and golden sands, (*par parenthese*, so that granite and silex may have picturesque advantage) and then you will say there is no scenery so charming as that of the Granite State; no, not in all New England.

If you have a plenty of time and money on your hands, stop a day or two at Meredith Bridge. It is a beautiful village, with the Belknap mountains overlooking the lake, only a short drive out; with pickerel and trout in the lake close at hand, waiting to be caught and eaten. If you will not stop, still leave the cars for a ride in the new steamboat to the head of the lake—that is, if the boat is completed in season, as the company intend at present. You will hear all about the beauties of Center-Harbor and the Red-Kill prospect, by the way; also about your stage-ride thence to Mount Washington. If your destination is Falyan's, and if you have little time for each lion, take a peep into the Wiley House, look around and above you in the Notch, and then proceed five miles farther to Falyan's. Mr. Falyan will tell you what farther you had best do. Do not let the Iron Works at Franconia go, because you have yet the basin, plume and pool before you; nor the mine, at Ore Hill rear, (especially if you have an eye to enriching your cabinet,)

because it is such an up-hill, rocky drive. When you have gained the entrance of the the mine, do not look back, because it is so dark and damp and chilly before you.

In Lincoln, a town joining Franconia on the south, you will find the basin, flume and pool. There are objects of particular interest below. You can now pass down the Pemmi-giwasset by stage to Plymouth, where you will come again upon the Montreal railroad; or, crossing over to the Connecticut, by one of the best stage-roads in the country, and with beautiful prospects continually before you, you can descend through Lime, Oxford and Hanover to Lebanon, where you will meet the cars of the Northern railroad. This route is pleasant, but circuitous. It is one hundred and thirty-six miles from Concord to Mount Washington by this road; one hundred only, by the other. This difference, however, is all in favor of the former, with those who have a plenty of funds and of leisure.

Adieu, friendly reader!

"LAMA SABACHTHANI?"

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

COUNT o'er the hearts of iron, Mother Earth!
How many hast thou folded to thy breast,
That had not oft in anguish pray'd such rest?
How many but had owned death silence best?
Oh, Mother, hast thou *one* of mortal birth,
Whose lips gave utterance never to that cry
Born in Christ's soul—*lama sabachthani*?

I know it hath not on the beggar's lip
Found utterance only; there are paupers worse.
Orphans of love—heirs of a blasting curse,
Existence without hope. From such no purse
Of rich men could buy off fell misery's grip—
For such no skill could have interpreted
Lama sabachthani—their hearts have read!

So wearily this robe of state is worn,
So heavy is this gilded crown of life,
They do but mock us and our wretched strife—
For we are slaves, *not* kings, with tumult rife!
How oft has broken over us the morn,
And come again, the eve when but one cry
Found breath in us—*lama sabachthani*?

Oh wail of sorrow struggling from the breast
Of disappointment! voice of agony
The lonely soul sends forth, when none are nigh!
It pierced our mother's heart—it pierced the sky
That day. Its echoings never since found rest!

The wail sent up from Calvary bath been
Like a dread ghost, to haunt the homes of men.

We whisper it above the dear, dead friend—
We shriek it to the false who dare forget
The thousand ties which bound us one, we let
Earth woes make desolate our years, and yet
When we have proved *all* vain, do we dare bend
To ask of heaven with wild, imploring cry,
"*Eli! Eli! lama sabachthani*?"

We cling with sordid, frantic love to earth,
And things of time, which disappoint us all!
Upon our knees, poor infidels, we fall,
To gold, fame, love, and pleasure, each we call,
Forsake me not! We have forgotten mirth,
Forgotten *all* in that most wretched cry!
We even hear not Christ's voice (tho' so nigh,) Asking our souls "*lama sabachthani*?"

Lama sabachthani?—the Friend that told
In the deaf ear of mocking, shameless men
A tale of woe such as had never been,
He hears us echoing that cry again;
Hears us, oh not unpityingly and cold!
Our dearest may forget us, He is true.
Soul! cleave to Him! He *will* remember you!

Canandaigua, 1850.

THE MARTYRS.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

ST. PAUL.

IN calling to mind the history of this glorious apostle, our thoughts irresistibly turn to the wonderful commencement of his wonderful career.

The man, who, perhaps, with justice from the accidents of his birth and education, may be called the greatest and most efficient of the sacred missionaries of the new dispensation, first appears before us to all intents a murderer; as one gladly consenting to, and by his presence and words abetting the death of the first martyr after Christ's crucifixion.

From this fact arises a sustaining, a most comforting proof of the abounding mercy, grace and power of our God; that Paul, a declaimer against the faith as it was in Jesus, a close observer of the ceremonial law, and of the strictest of the Pharisees, proud, learned, self-confident, an uncompromising disbeliever in the Saviour's divinity, whose delight was to abide in the royal dimness of the gorgeous and mystical tenets and forms of the ancient faith, that *he* should have been moved by the Holy Spirit to "unfeigned repentance," changed suddenly from being a reviler of the Christians into their fast and loving friend, their indefatigable co-worker, is indeed a fact that comes full of hope and reviving life to the minds of all who with fear and trembling are working out their salvation.

From education Saul was a believer in Jehovah—God—the God of the Jews, but—not of the Gentiles; his early and most impressible years had been passed in the fold of a sect which contemptuously regarded the doctrines and claims of the Saviour, and he had drawn in, as with his vital breath, an intense hatred of all Christians, both teachers and people.

The "bent of his genius" necessitated him, as well as amply capacitated him to lead other minds; the doctrines which he embraced he believed with his whole heart, not merely from natural inclination, or from the influence of others, but because his giant intellect first gave assenting voice, and then his will said, without further questioning, "I believe."

And it was not enough for him to receive tamely these articles of faith, he must fearlessly and constantly advocate them. Possessed of fiery, never-flagging energies and wonderful talents, Saul had besides, at his command, powers of persuasive eloquence; his zeal was of that kind which never faltered or grew languid, and all these powers were

bent to opposing the spiritual reign of the Lord Jesus. Oh it was fearful to see one so young and so gifted, employing every power God had given him, against the spread of His reign and authority on earth! It was grievous that one in whom so much of natural nobility was centred, should find it in his heart to rejoice in, and to aid in that cruel, unholy and unmanly strife, which sinners urged against their Maker!

Saul had been taught of Gamaliel, a man renowned for his wisdom, who dwelt in Jerusalem. He entered therefore not a blind and ignorant enthusiast on that path of deadly persecution in which he pressed on so unwaveringly. Far better than the impetuous multitude that was for ever seeking some new thing, did he know the master he had chosen to serve—whom he did serve faithfully.

And this youth on whom numberless blessings had been shed, this scholar deeply cognizant of wisdom's lore, this freeman who with his own hands had so willingly closed on himself the shackles of servitude, giving to them another and a far more pleasing name, this Saul of Tarsus was he who stood by, encouraging, with word and look and gesture, the murderers of the aged Stephen! That was not all; in the same hour the determination was strengthened in his bosom—this martyr was not the last of the deluded people to whom he would appear as Jehovah's avenger!

Youthful, gifted though he was, there seemed to be an entire want of tenderness in his nature. He appeared perfectly destitute of all the finer and more winning tempers of the mind and heart. The voices of mourning arising from desolated homes, the cries of the widow and the orphan for mercy, never made his heart sad, never filled his mind with misgiving. Like the determined, ambitious leader of an army, spurred on by a thousand baneful passions, he moved forward with no misgiving—crushing at every step, in his deputed power, all who ventured to oppose him; inspired with but one hope, one object, one intense desire, the extermination of the disciples of the crucified Redeemer.

When he had breathed his fiery vengeance on the Christians at Jerusalem, their church was, as by the breath of the whirlwind, instantly dispersed. Then Saul's eyes fixed upon a quiet place to the far north, where the poor, the distressed, and the already converted

were flocking in crowds, to hear the word preached.

The far-sighted youth knew if these people were quietly suffered to promulgate their doctrines, they would ere long become too great, too powerful to be easily dispersed. Was it not strange that a mind so reflecting, so capable of making profound researches into the causes of events, should have been blind to the fact that a power nothing less than Almighty could work so great a work in the land? The children of this world are wise in their generation we are told; but their wisdom is not always unerring. How often it proves nothing more than the presumption of folly!

No warrior ever set forth for the battle-field with more confidence in the justice of his cause, or more hopeful of complete success, than did Saul, when, having obtained letters from the High Priest, he left Jerusalem for Damascus.

Inflamed with the ambition to distinguish himself—full of the impetuosity of youth, indignant that a religion he esteemed outrageous and ridiculous, should have such rapid spread—thus departed he from Jerusalem, where he had been the scourge and the fear of the people.

His battle-cry was that of the strong against the weak, the armed against the defenceless—yet was not this brave man ashamed to shout it aloud—because, oh strangest delusion, he fancied that the great God was the leader of that spiritual war!

As Saul and his companions drew near to the doomed city, their progress was suddenly stayed. A light that cast in shade the brightness of the noonday sun was seen glowing in the heavens, and the leader of that determined band, he who had never been known to quail in the presence of mortal danger, bent body and soul before the mysterious glory. It was no moment in which to question and reason within himself as to what this thing meant, a power which he could not resist compelled Saul to the earth—he fell prostrate before the sign he could not understand, by which Jehovah compelled him to stop in his mad career.

In that instant when the voice came, speaking to him only, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest," was the unnatural strife ended, which had so long, unwittingly, been urged against God. And now what would He have him to do? Never from the heart of a repentant sinner came sincerer words, or humbler desires to fulfill all Christ's commands; never waited man more anxiously for heavenly guidance, than did this man while he knelt in the dust, and heard the voice speaking again, "Arise, go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do."

Miraculous and blessed was the change that had come over the young leader of that astonished band of persecutors. One moment

he was looking forward with triumphant thoughts to the city which should tremble before his presence on the morrow—the next, blinded, groping on his way, filled with repentance, fear and humility, desirous above all things to learn His will, whose law of mercy, long-suffering and forbearance he had so completely set at defiance. Inconceivable indeed to our finite minds is the power of God unto salvation.

For three days after his quiet, unnoticed entrance into the city, the eyes of Paul were blinded. How figurative of his death unto sin was that temporary deprivation of sight! He was passing in those days into another state of spiritual existence—was being born again, and unto righteousness! Three days he dwelt without sight; he did neither eat nor drink—he sat in darkness complete, while his soul ascended from the depths of moral gloom. He was hungering and thirsting after righteousness—and what meaning have those words when applied to a man like Saul! Awakened once to a sense of his sinful delusion, he could give himself no rest until he had thoroughly purged himself in the waters of repentance. But a great conflict, a wild tumult during those days must have raged in his mind. The voice of pride tempting him to withstand God, could not be hushed in a moment. He was of the strictest of the Pharisees, a pupil of Gamaliel, a companion of the noblest youths in Jerusalem; must he offend all these to become the brother and friend of publicans, of men who ate the bread of unceasing toil? Must he become the scoff and the derision of the high-born and the gifted, who were once proud to know him? must he forsake them to become the associate of fishermen? With tears of agony was given the answer—Yes! it is for God!

Sorely and constantly in those terrible hours of doubt, and fear, and hope, must the stings of conscience have pierced him, as he rendered to God an account of his stewardship; for as in solemn array passed before him in memory, all the acts of persecution, words of denial, thoughts of unbelief, from the sin of not one would she absolve him; guilty! guilty! was the sentence his stricken heart passed on all.

But peaceful and happy thoughts must have ere long taken the place of these harsh convictions—the way in which he was to tread appeared clearly before him—and then he bowed in perfect humility and repentance before the unseen Majesty of the Unity of Love.

* * * * *

From the time when he entered on the great work of aiding in the establishment of the Christian religion, Saul's name in the inspired chronicles, is changed to Paul; and it is to Paul, the unwearied and powerful laborer, our

thoughts so often advert. To him whose hand scattered broadcast that seed which, through all time, shall continually spring up, and bear fruit till the great harvest season draws nigh; it is to him, and not to the persecutor Saul, we are indebted for lessons such as no other mortal in all the generations gone has given us.

From his epistle to the Galatians, we learn that the missionary, almost immediately after his conversion, went into Arabia, where, for three years, he remained, diligently studying the Scriptures, and learning God's will as it was revealed by the Holy Spirit. For that season of studious application the youth's past life had amply capacitated him; of its good fruits his whole after career bore abundant witness.

Such thoughts and hopes as have not often visited the minds of men must have been his companions in that lonely dwelling place. He had given up all for Christ. In the opinion of worldly men, that *all* was a sacrifice greater than the humble men of Galilee had made, when they took up the cross to follow Him. To the venerable faith of the ancient people, his heart's warmest affections had ever clung—the honors of the world which ere many years would have crowned his name with glory—the friendship of the powerful, the educated and refined of his native, and of his adopted city, all these he had renounced that he might preach Christ and Him crucified, and work out his own salvation. Yes—he *had* sacrificed—but the Lord, who had mercy on Abraham when he stood upon Moriah, to offer up his only son, gave unto Paul also an inward peace and a hope that were an abundant reward.

It were an easy task to narrate the progress of this man as he journeyed, after these years of retirement, through the length and breadth of the Eastern world; how, in desert wastes, amid the savages of far-off islands of the sea, amid the uncivilized worshippers of idols, in the courts of princes, in the temples of Jewish priests, among all people his venturous heart bore him to proclaim Jesus—Saviour—God. It were a merely mechanical task to record from holy writings, that everywhere he went he besought his hearers, with a voice that steadily, in the face of every danger, continued to deliver the heavenly truths; but of the great labor, of the constancy of his devotion, it is difficult to form even a faint idea from the brief narrative of Holy Writ. In perils by sea, and by land, in watchings, in weariness often! and everywhere he turned; exposed to the insults and mockings of the ignorant, who were unable to appreciate the natural nobility and intellectuality of their teacher;—to the envy, and consequent persecution of the false-hearted Pharisees—to the hatred of the bigot

—to dangers seen and unseen, but so constant that whichever way he went, they were ever found awaiting him.

Far from commensurate with his labors was the success he met. Occasionally he would address an audience whose hearts melted before his appeals—but the joy of such moments, when, in reply to the people's prayer for guidance, he pointed out the narrow path, was almost invariably clouded by the immediate onsets of the jealous, evil-minded unbelievers.

Still, despite the many and varied dangers he encountered, it is not probable that a regretful thought ever troubled the mind of Paul—that he ever looked back, sighing for the days of freedom and ease he had known. We are not told that his feet ever faltered on that difficult way which led him through such stern and numberless trials; it is not written that duty and inclination ever warred within him; no record is given that his voice through fear *ever* faltered; that through the long and toilsome years of his existence, his stern will ever bended, that the kind heart ever became chilled.

Certainly the transformation of spirit in this man was wonderful. Think of the gifted mind, capable of arguing the subtlest points of doctrine with the most learned—crushing in the bud great and ambitious hopes, entering yet early in life, the humblest synagogues of sea-shore villages to entreat men whose only interest in his eyes could have arisen from the fact, that, despite their uncultivated natures and ungenial tempers, they had each a soul to save—think of him coming before such men, to entreat them to be reconciled to God—living with and for them—willing *to die* for them, if so their salvation might be accomplished!

He was a powerful, determined man whose words might have moulded the destinies of nations, yet did not disdain to *plead* with ignorant and stubborn minds. Among women who labored for daily subsistence, among the cold, suspicious hearers of Philippi, of Lystra, Antioch, and Iconium, among the poorest, the weakest, he lived and moved, teaching them, as children, the vast difference between the works of darkness and the works of light, beseeching them to hold steadfast to the faith as it was in Jesus; pleading so earnestly with the hardened hearts, that they were constrained to join in his petitions. This was the man who bore meekly the malice of his numberless foes—who in prison could raise the psalm of thanksgiving and the prayer of faith.

There was something sublime, something that the spirit exults to think upon in this endurance—this long act of self-sacrifice, beginning at Damascus, in St. Paul's youth, and

ending when he was "well-stricken in years," in the "Eternal City."

Was ever given to the world a record like this, written when the apostle's days on earth were nearly ended?

"Are they ministers of Christ? I am more; in labors more abundant, in stripes above measure; in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one, thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned, thrice suffered I shipwreck—a day and a night have I been in the deep; in journeyings often in perils of waters—in perils of robbers—in perils of mine own countrymen; in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city; in perils in the wilderness; in perils in the sea; in perils among false brethren! In weariness and painfulness—in watchings often, in cold and in nakedness. Besides those things that are without the care of all the churches."

Absence of self-love, noble confidence in the perfect justice of the cause for which he labored, religious zeal, love to God, hope for man, how fully were all these traits of character revealed in the emergencies, and in the every-day routine of Paul's life!

The prison was not a place of gloom and terror to him, he could sing and praise God there. The pride and learning of the Athenians could not intimidate the laughs and the scorn of that people, could not make him ashamed to confess Christ Jesus, could not hinder him from declaring to epicureans and stoics, "I perceive ye are in all things too superstitious."

One who had never heard aught of the life of the Hero Teacher, witnessing his conduct after his arrest in Jerusalem for disturbing the peace and profaning the temple, would have learned all of his character that was ever shown to men; had seen that he was a valiant, unconquerable upholder of his faith; had been convinced of his bravery, uprightness, respect for the law, his regard for the institutions of Jewish worship—had been convinced of his intellectual power—had seen that he was kind and generous, and of strong natural passions which had been subdued by Divine Love.

His presence before the Sanhedrim to defend himself, the indignant manner in which he repelled the insult of the High Priest—"God shall smite thee, thou whited wall!"—and the immediate change from wrath to humility, when told that it is the High Priest he had so addressed, show under what subjection he had placed his pride, and his consciousness of superior mental power. "I wist not brethren that he was the High Priest, for it is written thou shalt not speak evil of the rulers of the people."

His conduct when on examination before

Agrippa, is exactly such as we should look for, in a man whose whole previous career was marked by such independence and true bravery of spirit.

To him, there was nothing awe-inspiring in the mere fact that the crowned and purple-robed mortal before whom he was summoned, was known among men as king. The crown, the robe, and the ring, were so many decorations, evidences that he who wore them was possessed of authority, nothing more. He felt—none ever felt more truly—that obedience and respect were due the monarch, if he did not trespass on the laws of conscience and of right; that in so far as he was a just ruler, and a believer in God, he was worthy the confidence and love of his subjects. But the independence of the apostle's nature, his regard for freedom and justice, would not suffer him to regard the crowned Agrippa in any other light.

It was these just considerations of how much of homage belongs to the pomp and the pride of life, which enabled him, a prisoner, to stand alone and unabashed in the presence of his powerful accusers and enemies. It was this respect for himself, which strengthened him to make the eloquent and noble appeal to his judges, to which Agrippa and Felix listened that day; it was the faith in God, manifested so brightly in every emergency of his life, which prompted him to declare the whole truth to these unbelievers, knowing that He would both support and rescue him.

The apostle's bold appeal won the heart and the belief of Agrippa. "He doth nothing worthy of death or of bonds," said the king; "he might have been set at liberty, had he not appealed unto Cæsar."

According to a desire Paul had on a previous trial expressed, he, with other prisoners, was given into the custody of one of Cæsar's subjects—and forthwith they departed for Italy.

Danger and anxiety, which had been his constant companions from the first day that he entered on his missionary labors, did not desert Paul then; on the wide, chainless sea, as amid the turbulent people of Judea, they were with him constantly. But the long, and wearisome, and dangerous voyage was terminated at last, after numerous delays and hindrances, in safety.

In Italy, "Paul abode two years in his own hired house, (a prisoner at large) and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ with all confidence, no man hindering him."

Blessed must have been the fruits of those many months of peaceful labor! No man forbade him! it had been impossible for him to

work unsuccessfully under auspices so favorable. Persuasive and argumentative powers, such as he possessed, must have convinced, must have established many in the faith.

It is supposed that when these two years were expired, he departed from Rome—that passing once more through all the East, he visited again the churches, so many of which his own personal efforts had established.

On his subsequent return to the city of Cæsar, some of the best, most valued of his fourteen priceless epistles were written. Turn to them, reader, if thou wouldst know more than can be said or written of St. Paul. To the student of his words heaven and hell will be other than vague ideas. Time will prove something besides days, and months, and years, to be dedicated to idleness and folly. Life will appear far other than a mere theatre for worldly striving, worldly ambition, and worldly enjoyment!

It was in Rome, also, that the days of Paul's earthly labor ended, for there, by the order of Nero, was he beheaded in the year of horrible persecution.

On that day, two of the most prominent of the apostolic missionaries, released from the fetters and the cares of earth, were received in the kingdom of their Almighty Father—welcomed, who shall doubt, by the heavenly angels, rewarded by their exalted Saviour's recognition: "Well done, ye good and faithful servants!" For beside the cross whereon Peter was crucified, knelt the brave-hearted Paul, awaiting with patient and forgiving love,

even as did the martyr Stephen, the death-blow of the executioners.

Beloved, has the hour, has the necessity for labor in the master's harvest-field, gone by? or shall we in contemplating the career of these holy men, in consideration of our own weakness, shrink from donning the armor that Paul wore? Haste we away from Him who would gird it upon us, filled with a cowardly fear that its weight will destroy us? Oh, are God and Heaven further removed from us than they were from Paul? Is the voice of the spirit hushed for ever? Rejoice the angels of heaven no more over the sinners who repent? Is death less real? is life less earnest? Does time flit by on lagging wing—is eternity a dream of the past for ever exploded?

If this be so, ah, let us make haste to eat, drink, and be merry—for to-morrow we may die!"

But if, on the contrary, the God St. Paul adored is recognized among us as *our* God—if "man fleeth as a shadow and continueth not"—if the shades of eternity are gathering constantly more deeply around us, if the harvest field is wanting many laborers, oh, let us not merely wonder at and admire this holy martyr's brilliant and fruitful career on earth, let us haste to perform the good work given us to do! let us fight with sin and temptation, for the hours speed on, the sunset draweth nigh—and, alas! to hear when the "golden gates" of that morning are unfolded, "ye have stood all the day idle!"

"So run that ye may obtain."

TO ———.

BY W. H. DIETZ.

SERENE and bright,
As unclouded skies,
Is the beaming light,
In thy gentle eyes;
While thy penciled brows,
With their arches above,
In beauty bend
O'er those orbs of love.

And thy ruby lips
With their lovely hue,
Fresh as the rose
In the morning dew,
In their graceful curves,
Smile with the bliss
They wait to impart
To Love's pure kiss.

And thy flaxen hair
Whose tresses flow,
Near the roseate tints
In thy cheeks that glow;
Waves from a brow
Where thy artless mind,
Is ruled by a heart,
In goodness enshrined.

Most dear are the charms,
That grace thy form,
But more dear to my heart
With affections warm,
Are thy virtues and worth
So constant and sure,
Inspiring a love
That must ever endure.

BOYHOOD'S DAYS.

BY S. M. LEGGETT.

"Yes! when thy heart in its pride would stray
 From the pure first loves of its youth away;
 When the sullyng breath of the world would come
 O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home;
 Think thou again of the woody glade,
 And the sound by the rustling ivy made,
 Think of the tree at thy father's door,
 And the kindly spell shall have power once more!"—MRS. HEMANS.

BE as ye were in those happy hours
 When earth seem'd one fair field of flow'rs;
 When hearts were so light that e'en the thorn
 Tho' it pierced the side left naught to mourn—
 Meet as we met when the sun's last beam,
 Was shedding its ray on hill and stream,
 Gilding our morrow with visions fair,
 Of hours of pleasure without a care—
 Shake off long years and be ye once more
 The jovial boys that ye were of yore;
 And seek again that unconscious spell
 That hallowed those days so long and well!

I know not why I look through tears,
 On hopes and joys of former years;
 But memory brooding, lingers o'er,
 The joys once felt to come no more;
 And lures me kindly, gently back
 To boyhood's short, yet sunny track.
 Each field, each tree to me has still
 A power my very soul to thrill,
 To bear me far from scenes of men,
 And make my heart feel young again.
 Old Time has swept some friends away,
 Companions of my boyhood's day;
 And grey old trees that threw their shade,
 O'er paths where I have daily stray'd,
 Have gone and left no trace to show
 Where high they towered long ago.
 The moss-grown rock where crept the vine,
 And wild flow'rs bloom'd with Spring's first sign,
 Each, all have vanished, but to me
 Their memory brings solemnity.
 I love in quiet mood to roam
 The paths again of boyhood's home,
 And drink from streams where once I quaff'd
 The purest, coolest, healthiest draught;
 To rest me dreaming and alone
 On some remember'd moss-grown stone,
 And muse in silence o'er each scene,
 Where erst my youthful feet have been.
 It may be that my thoughts grow wild,
 While standing where I stood a child;
 But ye who know not of the power,
 The past can give each pensive hour,—
 Who know not of the silken chain,
 That draws one to those times again,—
 Can never feel the zest, the zeal,
 When mem'ry o'er those days will steal,
 And gently treading o'er each scene,
 That hides the spot where grief has been,
 Comes laden with the choicest flow'rs,
 That shed their perfume o'er such hours.
 Think it not strange! I'd rather bear
 The scornings of the world, and share
 The gloomiest cell that e'er was built
 For him whose soul is sear'd with guilt,

Than stay the pulse while bounding free
 O'er days so clothed in witchery;
 When cares and grief are laid aside,
 And early visions o'er me glide,
 I give my every thought away
 To scenes as free from guile as they.
 I know that there are those who scorn
 The teachings that of flow'rs are born,
 Who deem the poet's fancies are
 As wild and wand'ring as the star
 That shoots with meteor light among
 The myriad with which Heav'n is hung;
 Who fancy that the poet's brain
 Knows naught of earthly wo or pain,
 And that to him all things must wear
 A halo which none else may share:
 But know they, though, their fancies weave
 Illusions which must oft deceive,
 That they have thoughts in unison
 With each lov'd thing beneath the sun?
 That in the hour of busy thought,
 The lesson from that flow'r is sought,
 And drinking from its blossom cup,
 The soul's dark veil is lifted up,—
 And by a light no others see,
 They commune with the Deity?
 Aye, there are charms unknown to those,
 Who pass their life in dull repose,
 And seeing naught to chain the sense,
 Live on in cold indifference;
 But he who sees in minor things,
 Creations of the King of Kings,
 Can revel o'er each simple flow'r,
 And looking not beyond the hour,
 Can garner for his olden days,
 Fit themes for more than poet's praise—
 E'en as the crumbling monument,
 O'er which some weeping lov'd one bent,
 And strove through falling tears to twine,
 The loosen'd tendrils of the vine,—
 Has pow'r to paint the moulded form,
 As once it look'd, all life-like, warm,
 And bring back to the mourner there,
 Each lineament it used to wear:
 So come these olden scenes to me,
 So blended with my memory,
 That in my sadness I could bend,
 To each remaining, mute old friend,
 And breathe beneath their sylvan shrine,
 A feeling so intense—divine, [stray,
 That thought would, wand'ring, heav'nward
 And borne on angel wings away,
 Shut out each grov'ling, earthly dream,
 And be as pure as is the stream
 That flows through banks of golden sand,
 In brightness o'er the Spirit-land—
 If he that has not heart of stone,

Will rest him in the forest lone,
 And watch each leaf go fluttering,
 Like wild-dove with a wounded wing,
 And hear the light yet mournful sound
 It gives out as it meets the ground,
 Or mark the quickly changing hue,
 Expiring Autumn o'er it threw,
 Must ever feel all Nature's source,
 Watched o'er that leaflet's downward course :
 Thus ever may the pensive mind,
 Sweet solace in the wild wood find,
 Seeking with gentle hand to raise
 Oblivion's veil from youthful days ;
 Yes, there are thoughts within my breast
 Which know not, give not aught of rest,
 'Till they have wreath'd with potent spell,
 Each mem'ry that I love so well,
 And etch'd them with undying art,

Within each recess of my heart.
 'Tis pleasant, looking through the haze,
 Of life's most tortuous, tangled ways,
 To find some green and happy spot,
 Where present grief is all forgot :
 To find though Time has torn away,
 Familiar friends of youth's fair day,
 That there are some who still may bear,
 The well-known forms they used to wear :
 That though we look with sager ken,
 On things that seem'd all hallow'd then,
 And smile to find how small a thing
 Was youth's most gay imagining ;
 That there were thoughts by angel's trac'd,
 And 'mid our dearest mem'ries plac'd,
 To lead the heart in after years,
 Above this " narrow vale of tears."

LORD BYRON'S DYING WORDS TO ADA.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

"SAVE me, oh! God! for the waters have come in unto my soul!"—*Psalms*, 59; 1.

THE balls that wounds the mated dove,
 Inflicts but little pain ;
 But bitter is this shaft of love
 By which my soul is slain !
 For he that trusts the broken reed
 Shall feel it pierce for aye
 The heart that must for ever bleed—
 My little babe, good bye !
 Good bye, my love ! good bye !
 My little babe, good bye !

As dew drops pure and chaste as snow
 In falling may be changed ;
 So hearts oft chided, racked by wo,
 Will soon become estranged.
 The dog that meets with constant blows
 Will shun his master's eye,
 And snap the hand that food bestows—
 My little babe, good bye !
 Good bye, my love ! good bye !
 My little babe, good bye !

Thy years are not enough to know
 The sorrows that await ;
 In Friendship's garb doth Envy go
 To haunt thee long and late !
 Then task the vows that men may give
 As future years roll nigh ;
 For I am now too sick to live—
 My little babe, good bye !
 Good bye, my love ! good bye !
 My little babe, good bye !

And though mine eyes can never see
 Thy face on earth, my love !
 Yet, God will fix some plan for me
 To meet my child above !
 This consolation soothes my plaint,
 And cancels every sigh—
 But now my heart doth burst !—I faint !
 My little babe, good bye !
 Good bye, my love ! good bye !
 My little babe, good bye !

ELEGY.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

THERE fell a bud from an angel's hand,
 As he wandered down from the spirit-land ;
 To a throbbing bosom it gently blew,
 And lo, it put forth a deep root and grew.

It flourished there in its glowing hues,
 Like a floweret nursed by Elysian dews,
 Till the little bud was a thing to vie
 With the blushing tints of the morning sky.

'Twas pleasant to see that bud unfold,
 As the summer days of its life were told,
 For it seemed as fair to the ravished eye,
 As though it were yet in its bower on high.

The angel passed on his homeward way
 And saw where his roseate beauty lay, (hand.
 He paused on his wing, and reached down his
 And bore the sweet flower to its native land.



MENDELSSOHN.

THE name of Mendelssohn has been twice rendered illustrious in the annals of Germany; the father of Felix Mendelssohn-Bertholdy, the eminent musical composer, whose portrait accompanies this slight sketch, was the son of the celebrated Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher. He used to say that when he was young he was known as the son of the celebrated Mendelssohn, and when he was old he was known as the father of the celebrated Mendelssohn. Although not famous for his own merits, yet he was renowned for the fame of his father and his son. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, or, as he is usually called, Mendelssohn, was one of the most eminent

of the many great musicians that Germany has produced. His sudden death, nearly two years since, at the early age of thirty-four, filled the whole musical world with grief, and many were the solemn tributes to his memory that were paid by the musicians of both Europe and America. The musical societies of New York held a solemn festival at Castle Garden, in honor of the departed musician, at which many of his great compositions were performed. His music is of an elevated order, tender in sentiment and deeply religious. It is alike free from the voluptuousness of the modern Italian school, and the wild and bizarre character of the modern German.

A VISIT TO LYNN.

MY DEAR A. D. W.—

You say that when I write, I have always to tell you that I have just been somewhere, or are just going somewhere else; though the narrative rarely amounts to more than this, that I have been all day in the meadows and woods, flower, berry, or nut gathering, and am going to-morrow to the glen for moss and ground-pine. But *this* time, I really *have* been somewhere, to a place that you can find on the maps, and read about in geographies, none of my "hill-top" and "clover-field" excursions, that you can't possibly identify. I've actually been to Boston, and come home with my head full of notions.

Boston, however, was not the limit of my journey, but Lynn, which had long been a land of promise to me, and which, I began to fear, would always remain so. It is not worth while to chronicle my journey thither, for though I passed through the whole breadth of Massachusetts, and a small part of New York, that same two hundred miles of travel was crowded into the brief space of a day; and, as it was performed in a railroad car, of course I made no new discoveries of scenery or character. I might tell you of the shining river that crossed our track a score of times among the mountains, of the other pretty stream that discoursed daintily with the meadow grass somewhere between two unknown stations, of the beautiful lakes near Boston, and the stretch of silvery water between that city and Lynn, sleeping in the moonlight, for all these interested me, but everybody has seen them, and I will not manifest my country ignorance by too strong expressions of pleasure at the sight of these things, which I noticed far more than the towns through which we passed.

I was the only lady in the car which bore us from Boston to Lynn. It was crowded with sombre, tired-looking men, buried in rustling newspapers. My first impressions of the latter city were rather vague and shadowy, like the moonlight which showed it to me. I was chiefly conscious of an exquisite sense of relief from the thunder of the cars, and the frantic shrieks of the fiery horse that had been drawing us all day, while the carriage rolled up the smooth street. Our friends' door was gained, it was opened, an instant and glad recognition met us, we entered, and too tired to be cheerful, I sank into the corner of a sofa. But the end was attained; we really were in Lynn.

Had our journey been preceded by a telegraphic dispatch to all the weather-vanes and barometers in the city, they could not more

determinedly have indicated "Fair" than did they on the morrow's morn. Rarely have September's last days been so glorified with sunshine and soft winds as in anno domini 1849.

You do not care to know how many cousins we saw that day, but not one too many, I assure you. In the afternoon we went to Nahant. As we came down to Lynn beach, for the first time I beheld the ocean. The restless waves vexed the shore with their ceaseless strife, and low, hoarse murmurs came from far over the water. My first thought was of Byron, and my next of the sea serpent! Fragments of the world-quoted address of the former to the "deep and dark-blue ocean," were mingled in my mind with reminiscences of various newspaper paragraphs on the occasional appearances of the latter. As the season was over, in which distinguished individuals usually visit fashionable watering-places, I could not expect to see him, though I learned that it was quite recently he had been seen bathing off Swamscott. (I can't vouch for the orthography.)

Nahant, you know, is a famous promontory of wind and wave-defying rock, covered with a scanty soil, and bearing a few weather-beaten trees. Nature having done thus much to it, left, and sought more favored regions. It would seem that the Yankees, only too happy to find an unfinished spot on which to wreak their improvements, seized the desolate headland, and made it their own. You would like to see those pretty cottages, of every conceivable style, Grecian, Gothic, Italian, and for aught I know, Vandalic and Scythian, which they have reared there, for summer residences. I was told that the sea-breeze rendered these, delightfully cool retreats, but to my untravelled eyes they looked quite the contrary, with their thin, shadeless walls. I thought of the dark pine forests of my own hills and mountains, and felt that I would hardly exchange them for a cottage on Nahant.

We visited "The Swallow's Cave," quite at the land's end. We descended into a small rocky recess, worn by the water, and stepping over the wet stones, passed through a narrow archway in the rock into an irregular passage, which terminated on the other side in a similar opening, with a pillar or two of stone, standing alone at the entrance. Here the swallows formerly built their nests in great numbers, but have been nearly quite frightened away by an unlooked for influx of visitors; very much as I have known good, quiet people who lived in a cool, retired place, away by themselves, made almost houseless and homeless,

by an incursion of gay, chattering people from town. We made a brief stay here, for the tide, which at its height almost fills the place, was rising, and with merry jests, much laughter, and wet feet, we emerged from the cave.

In another place, there is a narrow rift in the rocks through which the tide rushes with great force, lashed into snowy foam. A part of the rock, not broken away low down, forms a sort of bridge over the chasm, and under this the waters boil incessantly. Quite on the edge were some hardy solidagos blooming, wet by the spray, in their tough, stunted forms, very unlike the slender, waving branches of their mountain sisters, which I had so often gathered.

Of course we went to the Spouting Horn, but at that time there was no manifestation of its hydraulic or hydrostatic powers. (I do not know which of these terms is preferable; being a water-cure disciple, I should have preferred *hydropathic*, but it is rather technical.) I found here the most beautiful white asters in the world, growing close to the verge of the cliffs. Their myriads of silvery stars were grouped in the most graceful manner, almost hiding the stems and leaves.

After visiting various localities of minor interest, we returned to Lynn, to join a circle of warm-hearted, cordial, Yankee cousins, such as I had never met in my own state.

The next day we went to Salem, to attend the annual fair of Essex country. I have no doubt that it is a very pretty town, though like a famous travelled personage of no distant day or country, we were quite unable to see it, "there were so many people." Red-checked girls from the country, stout farmers, basket-laden housewives and sturdy young men, the sun-burned democracy of the land, divided the streets with the customary passengers. Depend upon it, the race of witches is not yet extinct in Salem; I saw two or three pairs of black eyes, at least, in which the old spirit of the craft was plainly lurking.

I can't say that I was very much interested in "the cattle-show." "The cattle upon a thousand hills," which I had been used to seeing, all my life, were infinitely finer; and my own vixenish, little "bonnie black mare," would not have suffered by comparison with any of her species on the grounds. Not so with the Mechanics' Fair, which was held in a large hall, admirably fitted for the purpose. I was astonished at the variety and beauty of the articles exhibited, from a single county. One would have supposed that the ladies of Salem devoted their whole time to needle-work, knitting, crotcheting, and the like. Magnificently embroidered chairs and cushions, ottomans, mats, and a hundred elegant trifles were lavishly displayed. There were a number of beautiful hearth-rugs, which I

mistook for the product of the loom, that had grown into "form and comeliness" under the all-accomplishing Yankee needle. Cunningly devised counterpanes, of incomprehensible patchwork, or choice knitting, made a famous show.

I should have enjoyed this more, had I not known enough of the secrets of needle-craft, to see under these delicate tissues, strained eyes, rounded shoulders, aching fingers, and weary heads. Fancy-work, technically so called, is, in reality, the scourge of the country—an incurable tertian, that in its own times and seasons, sweeps the land with the thoroughness of a Shaker broom. Let Berlin wool, "with all its interspanglements of pink, blue, and lilac, devised by harberdashers for the perdition of the female kind," once take hold on the fancy—buttons may loosen and depart to the place of all the missing—loops may vanish away—elbows, in the eloquent language of Mrs. Fanny Kemble, may "wear their end part like film," yet the fit will not be broken, the attack must wear off. No moral "quinine" has yet been discovered, no intellectual "Jesuit" has been found, whose "bark" is bitter enough to stop the malady when at its height. I speak from extensive personal experience. Oh, my poor eyes, what numberless leaves and posies have ye studied out of stiff German patterns, while the oppressed servants of my shelves and drawers, cried out against rents and taxes!

There were some exquisite specimens of dried flowers exhibited, arranged in bouquets and wreaths, surpassing in delicacy of texture and tasteful grouping, any I ever saw. Suggestive these were, of pleasant woodland rambles, garden walks, and moss-beds. Here and there, gigantic bouquets of wild-grass and sedge, enlivened with amaranths, everlasting and crimson-berries, attracted attention. Of some pretty cottages of moss, I also took note, intending to make the construction of such an one the excuse for future expeditions to the woods, when I should return home.

There were some good drawings, and a few pictures mingled with the ladies' work.

I can't say as anything gave me more pleasure than the sight of some excellent sheeting of unparralleled width, actually wide enough to "drape a couch" without a prospective seam. Oh, those everlasting "over and over" seams! How often have my holidays in childhood been grievously curtailed by the task of "just sewing up one sheet." How I used to measure and remeasure those selvages, which seemed to grow under my hands, on my weary little fingers, and at last fall asleep in my arm chair in the corner by the clock, with the work not half done. Blessings on the inventor of double-width sheeting

There was a shoemaker's bench, exhibited from Lynn, of mahogany and morocco, quite a parlor ornament. One would suppose that a workman able to sit on so costly a bench, would be quite able to dispense with it altogether. But I might fill a tolerably thick volume with my observations, for which you would be little wiser.

On Friday, we went to Mount Auburn. The grim Cerberus at the gate admitted our carriage at the sight of the potent ticket, and we drove in. The winding road lay between beds of blossoming plants, and the green enclosures that so easily contained their once restless tenants. You have been there, my dear A., and therefore I will attempt no description of this pleasant spot; though cheerful and sunny, and inviting as it was, the natural reflections which haunt the mind in the presence of the dead, though they be buried out of our sight, cast a half-shadow over it, hushing the voice, and lightening the tread.

I had been so often told that Mount Auburn was far more beautiful than Greenwood, that I confess to a slight disappointment when I came to see it. I saw nothing to match "Ocean Hill," with its noble monuments, and the blue sea in the distance, no "Twilight Dell," daisied and bowered in waving cornels, no "Sylvan Water" rippling to the shore. I missed the ancient oaks with their cævals, the enormous grape-vines, writhing like serpents on the ground, or hanging on their branches. I missed those breezy slopes and those green swells, undisfigured by a single fallen leaf. Still, to those who often visit Mount Auburn, and who have associations connected with it, it might well appear more attractive.

Art has made of it a sheltered and tended garden, in which no evil thing dare intrude. In Greenwood, she has been content to be the handmaid of Nature, gathering in her lap the withered things which her mistress lets fall, pruning away the straggling boughs, deepening the verdure of the sod, uprooting unsightly shrubs, now crowning a smoothly rounded knoll with a slender shaft, now placing a calm, holy statue in a shady recess, sometimes uprearing a daring "fireman," or "pilot," and again a kneeling angel.

We dined at the "Fresh Pond Hotel," a pleasant house built on the shore of the loveliest little lake I ever saw. There was a fine wind that chased hundreds of tiny, frolicking waves up to the pebbled beach, along which we took a stroll. At the farther extremity of the pond are extensive ice-houses, in which ice is stored for the China market. Think of those long-queued Celestials cooling their barbarous beverages with these crystal waves!

We left this charming spot with regret. I

begged one of the bright flowers blooming in a narrow garden in front of the house, as we came away, and received, instead, a large handful, all the pride of the little pasture.—One might travel the whole breadth of New York without receiving such a civility.

Our coachman, a Bostonian, was the embodiment of Yankee cleverness. He informed us that he drove a carriage merely for amusement, and presumed he enjoyed the ride full as much as we did! His free-and-easy independence would have furnished a choice subject for an English tourist to dilate upon. He was no bad *cicerone* in his way, either, and pointed out various localities with some amusing explanations, predicated on our presumed Empire State ignorance.

We had the pleasure of a visit to "Cushing's Place," of which you have heard. Fancy a winding road, lost among trees and shrubs, and bordered with tall hedges of Norwegian pine and arbor vitæ. In the midst of a leafy labyrinth you espy the house of the proprietor, a costly and elegant building, now closed. You dismount, and choosing one of the many tempting garden walks, approach the green houses. They are as lofty and spacious as some of our State capitols. The roofs and sides are covered with grapes, bearing the largest clusters I ever saw. The German gardener was proud of his successful horticulture, and gave us some of the finest clusters.

The peacheries were rich in crimson-checked fruit, and although so late in the season, just on the eve of frost-coming, the beds were so filled with flowers, that summer itself could hardly have boasted of more. One greenhouse was wholly occupied by camellias, with glossy, healthy leaves, and buds already showing the scarlet and white treasures within.—On these, the gardener expatiated with a florist's pride. But among all the strange, curious, and magnificent plants and flowers, whose names I could not guess, and whose foreign graces and perfumes quite put my cherished lore of our woodland flora to blush, nothing charmed me so much as a pot of the most delicate moss in the world. "Do you admire this, or that, the most," said the gardener, pointing to it, and to a lofty datura, whose trumpet-like flowers opened their purple throats with a breath of sickening sweetness. I surveyed them both, the alpha and omega of the garden, and unhesitatingly decided in favor of the moss. He smiled at my want of taste, and seeing me make an entrance of a name in a little book I carried in my hand, asked for it, and wrote with his pencil, in hard, cramped characters, "*H. Schimming, Cushing's Place;*" and said if I ever came in those parts again, and had any time to spare, to come there and inquire for him, and he would take pains to teach me some valuable lessons in

the florist's art, which would give me better judgment. As we entered the carriage again, this grim, stout, middle-aged, stolid German, rather grimly, to be sure, presented each of the three ladies of the party with a choice bouquet, and in addition, to mine, the very pot of moss I had praised!

Worthy Herr Sohimming! let thy name be remembered by the recipients of thy bounty when thy peaches and posies have alike passed away.

How beautiful are the environs of Boston. One fine place succeeded another as we drove through the country, with none of those miserable tumble down houses that almost always fringe the border of a great city. We went to the reservoir of Brookline, where the water that supplies Boston lies quietly sleeping in a great bowl of green turf, unconscious how soon it is to be drawn into the hateful prison of iron pipes, vexed, tortured, profaned, and at last cast out in disgust, by those to whose comfort and luxury it has ministered. I believe the building of solid stone and iron, where the pipes commence, is very fine. There are deep, dark cisterns walled with granite, but I thought the basin in the open air, shining in the sun, with its grassy brim, a much more interesting object. I should have told you that in the morning we went to the monument, contenting ourselves with an outside view.—The car that conveys people to the top was not in operation, and the very thought of ascending that endless spiral staircase was enough to make one's heart beat quicker.—The design of the railing around the monument is very appropriate. The heavy iron pickets end alternately in bayonet points and lance heads, while the posts are cast in imitation of cannon.

The entire absence of gates to close the entrance to parks or commons in Massachusetts, was a novelty I did not become accustomed to while there. Always in passing through, I involuntarily put back my hand to draw the gate to, a New Yorker need not be told for what purpose. Liberty of conscience is there denied equally to the pig and the pipe. Never in walking the streets was my new silk dress brushed by unavoidable contact with the one, or my breath choked with the fumes of the other. Truly, in Yankee-land, "The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence, for there are none to covet"—the swinish multitude being incarcerated in private bastiles and spielbergs.

After all our sight-seeings that day, we returned to Lynn in a merry mood, and spent the evening with a circle of sociable cousins right cheerily.

Ask Mrs. P., dear A., if she does not remember the volume of dried algæ which we saw at a bookstore in Brooklyn. Well, these

pretty weeds are prepared on paper by the Lynnese ladies with infinitely more taste and skill than those were. Their brilliant colors, their delicate texture, their graceful forms are all preserved, and the specimens are then arranged on a colored background which gives them really an artistic effect.

I brought away with me some very beautiful ones, the gift of one of these fair "kelp-gatherers," as a cross magazine author calls them, and have been much amused with the critiques they have elicited from their untravelled admirers. She gave me a package of the dried weeds, unprepared, over which I have spent whole days since my return, endeavoring to make the dark masses, "without form and void," to "blossom as the rose," and with some success.

On Saturday we went to Boston, and spent some time in visiting the lions. We strolled about the State House awhile, compared it with the Capitol and State Hall at Albany, and like true New Yorkers found some things to disparage. That morning the following passage in "The Bigelow Papers" was for the first time made intelligible to me: "I have wondered, in the Representatives' Chamber of our own commonwealth, to mark how little impression seemed to be produced by that emblematic fish suspended over the heads of its members." It is actually the effigy of a codfish! One would have supposed that the emblematic eagle would have pounced upon and carried it off long ago.

I think it was the Clerk of the Senate who kindly escorted us through some of the rooms, and pointed out the portraits of the Colonial Governors in the Senate Chamber. We paused before that of Endicott, the fierce and implacable persecutor of the Quakers, while he told us that after the Revolution, it was found pierced through the breast with a bullet. I replied, "I could almost have forgiven the deed had it been done to the original before he signed the death-warrant of Mary Dyer."

"Pooh! pooh!" said he, "Endicott planted a pear-tree in Salem that atoned for all the Quakers that ever were hung."

I turned away with a gesture of disgust, and saw this expositor of Boston philanthropy and toleration no more.

What a charming spot the Common is! Groups of children were playing under the trees, or sailing miniature fleets in frog ponds, or watching the amusing frolics of a spaniel in the water. Yet, in the midst of the busy day, and through that bright sunshine, dim shadows of the past came trooping, and peopled all the place. The dusky Indian who once built his lodge on that slope, the stern Pilgrim who drove him thence, the revolutionists of a later day who there harangued excited multitudes, the red-coated soldiery

that once held possession there, all passed by in a hurried train. But I could not dismiss one scene from my thoughts. It was that of a lofty gallows from which hung a woman's quivering form—the fierce, wicked crowd exulting at the sight—the savage governor rejoicing that Death had closed those lips whose messages of love and warning he had been unable to silence. I could not forget that holy martyr, Mary Dyer, and her noble companions, who ascended to heaven from this spot.

These were the only unpleasant associations connected with my morning's ramble. Like a true country girl I stared at all the shop windows, and down all the crooked, narrow streets. An enormous bouquet of crimson and white amaranths, which would retain their bright hues all winter, and remind me of the day, was kindly transferred from one of these fascinating windows to my hand, by the good cousin who was my escort. You know Leigh Hunt's elegant paper on the outside of shops has conferred a sort of dignity on those who heretofore have been called unmannerly gazers; and Lowell himself considers the sight of the new things displayed by the shopmen to the eyes of the passers-by as one of the greatest pleasures he enjoys in visiting the city.

That afternoon, after my return from Boston, I rode out to see something more of the beautiful environs of Lynn. A romantic-like nook at the base of a rocky hill, near a pretty pond, was pointed out as the residence of "The Hermit of Lynn," who died not long ago. I wish I could narrate his story as 'twas told to me, but I confess the tale, though I am sure it was a deeply interesting one, might almost as well have fallen on deaf ears. The Boston ramble in the morning had completely exhausted my talent for sight-seeing and story-hearing; and in spite of the most desperate efforts to comprehend and retain the narrative which my companion, a capital talker, related, as we passed "The Hermit's" home, I remember but this:

That he was a Scotchman and a stranger to every one, appeared to have plenty of money, yet denied himself the commonest comforts of life. He lived alone, suffered no one to enter his hut, and never visited others. I think that at one time he scooped out a hole in the hill-side, where he burrowed for some months, or even years. He slept in a rude box, in an upright position, and never made use of a bed. In the morning he might be seen bathing his head in the pond, and occasionally, when met by a neighbor, would stop and converse in the most intelligent and agreeable manner. After spending many years thus, (with what employment or amusement he diverted the lingering hours, I have

forgotten) he died, leaving no will, nor papers by which his history could be traced. The state took possession of his property, and the curious who ransacked his late dwelling found nothing to reward their search.

It remains for me to tell you of Lynn Beach, the most difficult locality to describe among those which I visited, partly because of its great intrinsic beauty, and partly because shore scenes are so new to my eyes. Each time that I saw it, my admiration increased, instead of growing less by familiarity; but I will speak here only of my last visit.

It was between nine and ten in the evening, that I mounted a spirited horse, and accompanied by a friend took the road to the Beach. The air was mild as summer, and the moonlit streets lay hushed and still. It was about a mile thither, and soon our horses' feet were printing the shining sands. The tide was coming in; afar off we discerned the great waves, miles in length, it seemed to me, rolling steadily on, with resistless force, and uttering a hollow moan; the moonlight glittered on their crests of foam—as I write I behold that scene again—I have but to close the eyes, and I am there. A mightier billow than the rest is rushing towards the shore, my first impulse is to flee, lest it overtake me, but already it recoils as if spurning the touch of base earth, a silvery rain pours from the glittering crest, a dull roar fills the air, and the billow subsides into a shallow flood, that runs swiftly along the sands and ripples about my horse's feet. Another, and another, pursuing each other with unwearied fleetness never overtaking or overtaken. How different is this strong wind that sweeps across the waters from our mountain breezes. They are fitful, gusty, broken by the woody peaks, drawn into narrow ravines from which they issue with a sudden fury; sometimes they are burdened with the heavy sound of distant waterfalls, sometimes the mingled tones of birds, of summer-brooks, and hearty laborers are blent in their murmurs. In the long storms of winter nights how they bring the wild tumult of the enraged forests to our ears! The oak reaches out his powerful arm to smite his brother—the pine roars a defiance to the hemlock that waves his dark banner to and fro above the snows. The lithe elm rises up to face the maple, who clashes his hundred hands together and peals out a shout of victory. But this wind careers on with a full, steady flight, that tells it has come from afar through a wilderness sky, where it found no stay in its trackless path. It has had its own wild will for thousands of miles above the desert sea.

Oh, restless waves! what strange, solemn feelings ye awaken in my soul! Life, Death, Eternity, and that God who measured you in

the hollow of his hand! How vain and foolish do common thoughts appear here! With our myriad inventions we have changed every other creation of the Almighty, even our own hearts, but "the waters under the firmament" surge and swell as in the day when they were parted from the dry land.

Mysterious ocean! Thy hoarse voices seem to call me away; is that a shining bark that speeds across thy bosom, and is it come for me? It is but a crested wave. There is a mystic presence abroad on these waters, and my soul springs forth to greet it.

But all this is a dream. I sit here in my little room looking towards the mountains, and the sea is two hundred miles away. Such were my thoughts as we rode along the printless causeway, from which the waves had washed all tracks of those who had been there before us. It imparted to me a sense of possession, of property, to mark with my horse's hoofs those untrampled sands; but the fast-rising tide compelled me to reflect anew that hardly had the pressure been made, ere the chainless billows erased it for ever. Oh Death! all-conquering Death! I beheld then a type of thee!

Dearly as I love equestrian exercise, high as my spirits generally rise when I find myself mounted on a fine horse, with a smooth road before me, I had quite forgotten that I was in the saddle, until my companion suggested the practicability of a quicker pace, as the clouds were about to hide the moon, and it would be dark. It needed but a word to our steeds, and they were dashing along the shore in that imperfect light, sometimes wetting their feet in the advancing tide, the sands giving back a muffled sound to their tread, very different from that which "Black Hawk's" hoofs awaken when they strike fire from our flinty roads. I grieved to leave that glorious scene behind me; I turned in my saddle to take a last view, and felt as if I could leap from my horse into that throbbing sea, and be borne on its heaving bosom with joy for ever.

Shall I ever see Lynn Beach again? It is like a dream to think I was ever there.

That night I dreamed of the ocean, and woke to hear its deep tones in the darkness. I had taken one evening ride there before.

Among other mementos of my delightful visit to Lynn by which I am surrounded, there stands before me a globe with half a dozen gold fish gaily chasing each other within its narrow limits. In the circuitous route which we took homewards, the poor little fellows were annoyed with many discomforts, and encountered numberless perils by sea and land. They beheld the inside of divers railroad cars, an infinite diversity of carry-alls, chaises, and other conveyances not known in the Empire State, were plagued by curious children who

would see them, and almost poisoned by clever people who would feed them, but after many tossings by car, carriage, and steamboat, they arrived safely, globe and all, to be hereafter a mystery and a wonder to unaccustomed gazers. Glad were they to cast anchor in a quiet haven. I have named them Flirt, Flash, Wave, Snap, Spot and Trim; they have also surnames for State occasions—Lynn, Saugus, Swampscott, Salem, Nahant and Marblehead. The last named is decorated with a brown dorsal fin and tail, in virtue of which distinction I have proclaimed him commodore of the fleet.

Of their "hair-breadth 'scapes and horrid ventures," I will only relate one. At one time we found, or rather lost, ourselves at the Somerset station on the Fall River road. It was a cold rain-storm without; and when the cars had deposited us there, together with two other unhappy travellers, they passed on and left us, apparently beyond the reach of human sympathy or help. The station is nothing but a mere shed with one apartment, there was no fire, and no attendant. In the little room we found a tall, grim, well-dressed man keeping watch and ward over an open trunk, apparently filled with clothing. The sack was off, the key in the lock, but the owner did not close it, and paced sullenly back and forth without any notice of us. Some questions were put to him concerning the boat which came over Taunton river to take off passengers; he only jerked his thumb over his shoulder, pointing to the village opposite, and still walked on.—The storm increased to a tempest; the night was coming on, an hour passed, and at last a dripping creature in oil-cloth clothes put his head in at the door, and roared out as to people a mile off, to come down to the boat. He put his hand on the open trunk, saying, "Is this to go?" "Let go that, you rascal," roared back the hitherto dumb man, in a rage.—So taking up all our baggage, and the goldies beside, we set off for the ferry-boat, leaving the grim man alone with his trunk, and for aught I know he is still keeping watch over it there, like a civilized griffin. In getting to the shore I sank deeply in the miry soil, and as I had forgotten my rubbers, you may suppose my brown gaiters were well saturated. What a little cockle shell that skiff was! The five of us, with our baggage, nearly filled it, and in such a gale that umbrellas were impracticable, the sail was hoisted, and away we flew. Perhaps you don't know that Taunton river is salt, but I do, for every moment the great waves, lashed by the storm, flew completely over our heads, and into our faces, drenching our clothes, and deluging the boat. My fish were secured in a basket of hay, with some splints of the cover drawn out to admit air. I was mortally afraid that the salt water would dash into the globe, and did not know

but that it would kill them. But a good-natured gentleman, in a linen over-coat, kindly placed himself between them and the storm, so that the swells, instead of overflowing their little vessel, spent their force upon his back.

Think what a situation that was for French millinery! My straw bonnet, late so trim and neat, served as a strainer, (how it looked next day, with the dark blue and brown ribbon I had sent twenty miles for, white with salt as a miller's coat.) Once I leaned over for a moment, loosening by the act the folds of my shawl in the neck, and a great wave, taking advantage of the instant, poured its volume over me, completing my involuntary baptism.

In spite of the tempest and the peril, we had a merry time of it, and laughed heartily at the bawling, straining boatman, who had much ado to manage his unruly craft. At last we came crashing against the dock on the Somerset shore, and I saw my goldies carefully handed up with great satisfaction. We, ourselves, were angled for and hooked out in due season, and deposited in the mud in safety; after walking a quarter of a mile up a steep hill, the protector of my pets going along and carrying them, while the gale tugged at bonnet-strings, shawl-pins, cloak fastenings and hat brims, we gladly found refuge in the house of our astonished relatives, who little thought that fearful tempest was speeding us toward them.

Flash, Flirt & Co. proved themselves capital sailors, and are now grown so tame as to nibble around my fingers in search of a crumb, whenever I put my hand in their miniature pond.

Our adventure at Somerset reminds me of an anecdote told by my sister, of a worthy old lady belonging in our neighborhood, who had been up and down the Hudson several times in a sloop, and for the first time took the trip in a steamboat. My sister was also on board and watched the old lady take off her bonnet, put it away, pin a red bandanna over her cap, light her pipe, put on a clean checked apron, and take a stroll around the deck, to the amusement of all beholders. At last she came

up to her, and setting her arms akimbo, said, "Wal! I've been a gret many vy'ges to sea afore, but I never seen nothing that was equal to this." Heartily did I echo the good woman's ejaculation when I sat in that morsel of a boat, with my feet above my gaiters in the water.

I shall not chronicle the other events of our journey, after leaving Lynn. We visited so many places, saw so many people, and all in such a brief time, five days, that I can liken it to nothing as well as the two-and-forty journeys of the Israelites, when "they removed from Libnah and pitched at Rissah, and they journeyed from Rissah, and pitched in Kehelathah, and they went from Kehelathah and pitched in Mount Shapher."

Lovely as was the weather while we remained in the city of cordwainers, we had little but cloud and storm after we left it. It rained dolorously the morning we bade it farewell, never to forget our cordial welcome there, our hospitable entertainment, and our regretful leave-taking.

If ever the world seemeth sad to thee,
And life not worthy its care,
I know of a spot where the heart beats free,—
Go seek for happiness there. [not
There new friends are true friends and feelings are
By cold custom bound and kept in;
The ice-shield of fashion is thawed and forgot
In the warm hearts and homes of Lynn.

If thy spirit be bowed and thy hand be weak,—
From the voice of friendship will spring
New life for the soul, and new hue to the cheek
The ocean breezes will bring.
By day the beaches will tempt thy feet
Their gay, bright weeds to win,
And at even there is a blest retreat
In the glad hearts and homes of Lynn.

Oh beautiful dwelling of kindness and love!
To the angels a joy it must be,
To bend their clear eyes from the heavens above,
On that city that rests by the sea! hearth!
Oh bright blessings crown every roof-tree and
Thus my thoughts of thee end and begin—
For none are so true on this fair, fickle earth,
As the true hearts and homes of Lynn!

Chatham, N. Y., Nov., 1849.

M. M. C.



THE NEGLECTED GENIUS.

Genius, like Virtue, its "own exceeding great reward."

THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

BY ANGELA, OF GLEN COTTAGE.

As you ascend the hill in rear of the village, and walk along by the high bank that borders the valley of a silvery and winding stream, you will find yourself surrounded by varied scenery, so beautiful when taken into one view, that an artist could not desire a richer or more picturesque landscape.

The hill still above you, filled with those large spreading oaks, and other forest trees, is the place where rests our dead. And who that has seen it has not admired the spot, and felt that if consciousness could be known in the grave, it were almost bliss to be a sleeper there.

It is true that Art has done but little to improve the grounds of our cemetery, yet the deep shade of those old forest trees, so protecting in their venerable appearance, gives to it an aspect of quiet beauty seldom found; they lift up their ancient arms to meet the first bright rays of the summer sun, and then as the light is softened through a green veil, they seem to spread it out mingled with the shadow of their trembling leaves on those they watch below.

Often have I gazed on that sad beautiful enclosure when the last gleam of the setting sun seemed to sleep more calmly as it lay down to repose with the silent dead; and its faintest glow lingered longest among its monuments and graves.

You will find a few shrubs and flowers placed there by the soft hand of Affection; the snowberry and liveforever flourish in greenest beauty over the forms we once loved, and whose written epitaphs respond to those within our own bosoms: the careful railing enclose those who were once dear to the living, and the enduring masonry points out the resting places of those beloved. But there is one solitary mound there, that bears not even a name, beneath which sleeps *one* whose heroic and virtuous life was far too noble and good to be thus forgotten and unnoticed in death.

Poverty is not always a *sin*, though so often associated with vice, and crime, and degradation, that we are half inclined to blame rather than pity the poor. But though indolence and want of energy are too often the parent of extreme indigence, yet there are exceptions when the good, the noble, the industrious are brought by circumstances beyond the power of human foresight to prevent, into deep and bitter poverty. Often a series of afflictions, losses, or the injustice or want of honesty in

others bring upon families the chilling influence of want and woe.

But the poverty and wretchedness with which the inebriate curses his family, however virtuous and true-hearted they may be, is mingled with the bitterest dregs in the cup of life, and for which there is no remedy or relief.—And when a worthy family are compelled to feel its iron grasp it requires more than human strength to bear its untold sorrows, and more than a mere forced submission, to feel resigned to evils brought upon them by one who might make them happy and blest, and who should protect them from ills from which his arm might defend them.

Mrs. Beekford was a victim of the long and deep consumption, always feeble and in precarious health, yet never relaxing in industry and efforts for her family. Her husband had burnt out every green leaf of tenderness and care for his family with the fires of strong drink, and after having reduced them to a state bordering almost upon beggary, when they were most dependant upon him, he cruelly left them with only that last miserable resource—the cold charities of the world.

Compelled to the necessity and the effort, what *will not, cannot* woman do for those beloved? It was this that roused the unwonted energy of this lone woman to exert herself to the utmost boundary of her feeble strength, in supporting a family of six children left upon her care by an intemperate husband, and, of course, unnatural father, who chose to gratify a low and sensual appetite, rather than shed around the helplessness of infancy and childhood that love and protection which it so much needs.

Awake to her true state and condition, it aroused the most latent capability of body and of mind in this poor woman to sustain and educate a lovely group of bright-eyed children depending solely upon her, assisted only by the eldest of their number.

Her small cottage, hid almost by fruit trees, was just discernable from our windows, and often has it been sufficient reward for industrious application to be allowed to make an unceremonious child's visit at her lowly dwelling, and when so fortunate as to get a piece of her nice brown bread, I wished, in the sincerity of my inexperienced heart, that we were only as poor, that this luxury might be enjoyed at home.

Olivia was the eldest, and was her mother's chief dependence; for she possessed the rare

gift of doing all things well. She had improved her slender advantages of education, but had never acquired a trade, and yet was a proficient in all trades. Her genius, genuine taste and good judgment made her skillful in everything. With a gifted mind she sought improvement with eagerness, and neglected no opportunity of advancement in knowledge and acquirements. Many a young lady whose misspent hours are too plainly visible, in their want of industrious habits, and even of intelligence, might read a profitable lesson in the life and pursuits of this faithful daughter.

The energy acquired by early self-reliance was an ornament to her character, and enabled her to overcome obstacles in her pathway of no ordinary kind, and gave her a place in the confidence and respect of the community which virtue and goodness cannot fail to enjoy.

When she found that her mother was sinking in her health, and fearing that she soon might be deprived of her counsel, sympathy and valuable life, a keen and irrepressible desire arose in her mind to make some effort to prolong her existence, and as it was then thought that sea air and food had a tendency to restore consumptive invalids, she set herself about procuring the means to attain this object.

She accomplished her plans, but not without much toil and a severe struggle, as at that time there existed no facilities of packet or railway travelling; and when she started this long, slow, patient journey, hoping that its influence might be restorative to her poor suffering mother, the more fearful in heart looked on surprised at such presumption, and the less devoted and affectionate daughters wondered at her temerity in such an undertaking. But the fearless girl had but *one purpose*, and that impelled her forward—braving dangers and meeting difficulties like a true heroine.

Cessation from toil and wearing care, together with the genial influences of pure, fresh, *outworld* air, and gentle, passive exercise alleviated her more alarming symptoms, and were the active agents in restoring her to a more comfortable state of health, and every day seemed to add its more than golden influences to her little stock of strength, so that when she returned, Olivia seemed to have been well rewarded for her efforts and self-denial.

For a few years she was able to pursue her accustomed toil, making increasing efforts for those she loved, though always attended with the "wearing cough," and a wasting of the flesh. And when afterwards she began again to fail, she felt that disease had only been more secretly at work with the cords of life, and now *felt, knew*, that she must die! Olivia saw it, felt it, and could only ask for resigna-

tion to bear her deep weight of affliction as it had become too evident that her own dear mother was destined for the grave!

Mrs. Beckford's feeble hands, so accustomed to be busy, could no longer move in obedience to her will, and with true submission to the allotments of her heavenly Father, whose love and confidence had been her strong refuge in times of deepest need, she resigned herself to His care, and patiently waited the mandate that should call her home, trusting in God who had thus far been her own strength and support, to bless and sustain those *dear ones* she was so soon to leave alone in an unfriendly world.

Though poor in outward things she was ever rich in faith and obedience, and had long taught her children that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Olivia had long given unmistakable evidence that she was governed by the heavenly precept of our holy religion, and in this trying hour enjoyed its richest promises and most soothing consolations.

The burden of life which had been mutually borne now wholly rested on her alone; yet she did not complain, but went forward in her trying duties with a subdued spirit, acting the double part of attentive nurse and careful provider.

Who pauses—on the busy way of life to observe even such instances of true and needy worth, or who with warm and ready charity puts forth the hand to alleviate, or lighten the weight, which almost crushes the heart with oppressive care?

As the hour of death drew nigh, the Christian graces of this excellent woman shone with increased brilliancy, as if the light of a better world already rested upon them: calmly she contemplated the grave, and triumphantly reposed upon its brink.

The last night she remained on earth, I was a watcher by her bedside, my first initiation to scenes of sorrow, and never can I forget that night! Often her spirit seemed struggling to be free—and as she gazed on us with her large dark eyes, we understood their expression of anxiety for fresh air from the door and windows, that she might breathe more freely; or if quiet, and easy, we stole softly to her side, or drew nearer, to see if she still lived! Thus the hours wore in sadness away, alternating between life and death—earth and heaven. Although hardly passed out of childhood, yet when the beams of morning first began to break in upon the darkness of night, I felt that *years of sorrow* had been compressed into those few brief, but lingering hours.

She had already made her funeral arrangements—selected a favorite text—expressed to her Pastor for the last time her consolations

and her hopes—and after calling her children around her to give them her last admonitions and her dying advice, just after morning dawned her spirit departed to its heavenly home, and who can say how deeply that stricken group felt their loss, when they saw that their mother was no more!

It is often said “afflictions never come alone.” In a few months after this stroke, another was inflicted in the hopeless sickness of a younger sister, that Olivia watched, with all the care and assiduity of a tender mother, while by her unwonted industry she provided for those that remained dependent upon her.

But death soon ended the scene, and the young and the lovely was no more; and when she had closed the beloved eyes in their last sleep, bearing this bereavement mostly alone, she felt that her cup was full, though consoled with the hope as she saw her laid down by the side of her mother, that she would rise with the just in a glorious resurrection.

Death of friends is a sore affliction, but there are sorrows more aggravating than death!

When Olivia had passed through these sorrowful changes—was bereft of her dearest friends—had suffered the breaking up of family ties—had lost a home that had been dear to her, and was separated from all relatives with whom she had enjoyed a loved companionship, she was sad indeed—but when her *vagrant, heartless, intemperate* father returned, debased and degraded in body and in mind, to claim maintenance and care at her hands; after all that had passed, it seemed for awhile too much, and most bitterly did she feel this last *rankling* and *darkest* sorrow. Duty and inclination had a struggle—but he was a *father*, and was perhaps at last, or might be, a penitent—but no, she had not even this consolation.

Not long, however, was she called to attend upon one who had cut himself off from his own family, by wantonly forsaking them when they most needed kindness and care: still here came *Religion*, dove-like and forgiving, and she rendered him “good for evil” while life remained. And when after a few more months this same family were assembled again in a funeral group, it was not, it could not be, with the same sincerity of grief as before, for how could they feel his loss now, who had been lost so long!

Olivia had witnessed the peaceful death of a Christian mother—had alone, and under trying circumstances, watched at the death-bed of an only sister where perished many of the choicest buds and blossoms of her hopes—had felt the last plank of her refuge moving from beneath her, but nothing yet had left

that painful track, like the blighting, scorching sensation of this new and unexpected trial, unalleviated by any hope for future life!

Time, though it cannot heal the heart’s deep wounds, yet often draws a friendly veil over the past, and alleviates and calms the first throbs of bitter agony, and fails not to blunt the edge of the keenest sorrows.

In a populous city far from these scenes of her early trials—far from kindred and friends, with a heart full of the buried past, Olivia made for herself a home, while she won the confidence and custom of those who sought her services as a tasteful seamstress. Years rolled away, bringing change to others that makes up the pleasing variety of life, but to her, it was the same monotonous round of *toil* unceasing *toil*. She was constantly preparing others for scenes of pleasure, and the felicities of social intercourse, while she was wearing away her life alone, in confinement and application.

But at length her busy and skillful fingers grew thin and pale, her cheeks, full and round, grew hollow and colourless, but no complaint was uttered. Her fine queenly form was losing its roundness, and her dark intelligent eye its lustre—but who would employ an invalid?

Concealing her own feelings, and apprehensive, expecting nor asking neither sympathy nor care, she continued her exertions until the little thread of life was near breaking, and she felt that she should soon go to a home of rest.

Longing to breathe her last breath among kindred hearts, she entered with weak and trembling step a packet-boat that brought her to the low but hospitable door of a brother, *only* to spend her few remaining days, and with loved ones to die.

In great weakness and suffering, she lived after meeting her friends but three days—having bright views of her Saviour’s presence in this, her last hour of need.

Strangers watched by her bed, and felt a deep sympathy in the dying girl, were impressed with an interest and an awe, as she feebly whispered brief sentences, radiant of her own triumphant hopes, in full view of a better life; but could they have known her history—her life of *trial*, of *toil*, of *sacrifice*, they would have felt it a privilege to be with her in those dying moments, and to comfort and be near a spirit that angels would “soon delight to honor.”

But, unknown, and unregarded, strangers bore her to her burial—and among the dead on yonder hill, where not a *name*—or a *flower*, marks the spot, far from the place of her early home, sleeps in silence and forgetfulness the *dust* of *Olivia*.

THE REALM OF RUIN.

BY E. J.

ALONE it lay, a vast and circling vale,
 With towering mountains for its every bound;
 Mountains that bore upon their sides the tale
 That there had lain Time's ancient battle ground;
 For furrows dark and deep were ploughed around,
 As if by passage of the wheels of Mars,
 And ragged rocks in threatening anger frowned,
 Like castles old with all their gates and bars,
 Seeming to scowl defiance at the heaven-throned
 stars!

And from the dome of every clouded height,
 For ever flowed volcanic smoke and fire,
 Obscuring day with blots of blackest night,
 And tinging night with daylight strange and dire;
 While dismal sounds growled forth as if in ire,
 And, seething over, ran a furious tide,
 That never ceased nor seemed to waste nor tire,
 But, down each summit's black and jagged side,
 Rolled headlong, in a thousand torrents deep and
 wide.

Yet here and there, amid the dreary scene,
 A blossom grew,—like gold in rugged ore,
 Or classic column, lonely and serene,
 The symbol of a splendor gone before,
 And carved with stories of that happy yore—
 But still the torrents widened in their flow,
 And won new treasures for their plundered store,
 Like flames that gather fury as they go,
 And from their laden wings shake down terrific wo.

Thus, girdled with its gloomy rampart lay,
 That valley lone, the Realm of Ruin wild;
 Where all things seemed of dark despair the prey,
 And sighed, and wept, and frowned, but never
 mu smiled;

Where, strewn around, or in confusion piled,
 Were wrecks of greatness fallen long ago,
 And with the mold of dying age defiled;
 While solemn winds went wailing to and fro,
 Disturbing silence with their dirges sad and low.

As though a city in her pride should mock
 At every care, and give herself to sleep,
 But wake in wonder at the earthquake shock,
 That starts unbidden from the abyssal deep—
 Wake to behold her towers and bulwarks leap
 To earth, her temples tottering to their fall,
 While death and anguish cruel revel keep,
 And darkness waves her banner over all—
 So seemed that kingdom wild within its dismal wall.

And in its midst the Monarch, grim and old,
 Sat, mocking grandeur on his ponderous throne,
 That seemed a mass of rubbish and of gold,
 With many a crown and star-like precious stone
 In orderless yet rich profusion sown;
 There sat he in his robe of faded dye,
 Gazing upon his vast domains alone;
 But at the glancing of his fearful eye,
 A host of spirits rose, and marched tumultuous by.

War, with his gory dagger and his shield—
 Pale Famine and foul Pestilence were there;
 Hatred and Envy, reeking from the field—
 Ambition, with his wild and feverish stare,
 And all the race prolific Sin doth bear,
 To do the work which she began of old;
 Each from his covert and forbidding lair
 They came, like felons from a prison fold, [ed.
 And round the ruins dim their song discordant roll-

"The world is thine, the world is thine!
 Oh Monarch great and strong!
 Its vaunted strength, its shining wealth,
 Its glory, and its song;
 All, all it boasts are slaves to thee,
 And at thy beck they come,
 With downcast look and hurried tread,
 Like an army at beat of drum.

"Men build their homes on the painted earth,
 And reck not in their pride,
 That, beneath, there rolls, in angry might,
 A sleepless, burning tide,
 Beating the bars of its prison door
 With crimson-crested waves,
 Like the foaming sea in its rock-bound bed,
 When a storm o'er its bosom raves.

"On the gaudy works of mortals weak,
 Are lavished wealth and pain;
 But we laugh with glee as our viewless hands
 Destroy those works again;
 As with ruthless wind, or with scathing war,
 With the earthquake, or the flame,
 We turn to naught a nation's hope
 For eternity of fame.

"A hundred cities that decked the earth,
 As stars adorn the skies,
 Have fallen down from their dizzy heights,
 Have fallen, ne'er to rise!
 A hundred thrones whose glory shone
 Resplendant o'er the world,
 Like a mountain rock, at the tempest's shock,
 Have down to the depths been hurled!

"Men seek in the book of by-gone Time
 For the tale of pride and glory,
 But ask not the Present to show the scene
 Which their eyes have beheld in story;
 For the splendor is gone, the beauty paled,
 The pomp and the power have fled,
 And all that is left for the eye to view,
 Is the tombstone of the dead!

"And soon, ah soon, thy voice shall sound,
 With terror in its tone,
 And a universe its awful might,
 And majesty shall own!
 Then Time himself to his dreary tomb
 Shall solemnly be tolled,
 And back again shall Chaos come,
 Where its dwelling was of old.

"Then, glad and free, we'll ever roam
 'Mid the darkness and the death,
 And the floating dust of ages past
 Shall be food for our greedy breath;
 Then, drooping low o'er the sea of wreck,
 By raging tempests tossed,
 Our voices shall howl, 'mid the howling storm,
 For ever, lost! lost! lost!"

I woke as dawned the morning's dazzling beam,
 Throwing fresh garlands o'er the faded sky;
 I woke, and thought upon my midnight dream,
 And made it pass once more in memory by;
 And then it dimmed and darkened on my eye;
 Then, on its airy, noiseless wings, it fled.
 So sometimes will stray spirits hover nigh,
 When nature rests on slumber's downy bed,
 And strange, mysterious scenes for fancy's vision
 spread.

H O P E .

BY MRS. E. S. LEGGETT.

HOPE, bright spirit, unto what shall I liken thee! Thou standest in vestures of light, for thou it is who art the morning of every promise, tinging with rosy clouds the vision of every project; thou art the sweet daughter of sunlight, who scatterest dew drops upon the parched desert of man's dusty pilgrimage, refreshing the flowers and giving them soft perfume, touching with thy charmed rod the hot dry spots whereon no coolness or verdure sprang, and bringing forth the limpid and sparkling waters.

I will picture thee in raiment starry and glittering, beautiful in the mist which hovers ever around thee from afar, yet more lovely in thy bright realization.

Whithersoever thou goest will I go with thee, watching thy holy mission, and learning of thee to be the comforter of man. Thou art a glorious gift, floating from the throne of the Celestial, and bestowed by God a birth-offering with the spirit. Suffer me awhile to journey with thee, on the errands of thy love.

This, then, is the home of the cottager—scanty and mean are the tokens of comfort. Upon the straw pallet lies the strong frame of one divested of the soul; what is it—can it be death? Nay, not of the body; lusty are the sinews of the strong-knit frame and ruddy—too ruddy, the glow upon the cheek; is it disease? Nay, still not of the body; no kindly aid is extended to cool the fevered temple or cleanse the dry, husky tongue. Tell me, I asked of my companion, why is it that despair seems hovering beside the cold ashes in this miserable home, and wherefore are the eyes of the fair wife swollen as listlessly she fashions the garments for her cradled babe? But the being I addressed had fled, the breeze had flapped the shutters on their broken hinges, the door blew to and fro unheeded, the pale light of the taper was extinguished, and all was desolating darkness in the sad cot of the Drunkard—yet a sound there was, and it came upon the cold night-wind like the faint harmony of distant bells, and as nearer and nearer it comes, it seems a chorus of triumph; no instrument cunningly devised proclaimed the approach of the saving band, but joyfully a thousand voices in silver tones sent through the air the note of Hope, and, lo! she cometh, bearing gracefully the banner of Temperance, and straightway before the dwelling of the inebriate she calls: "Bring forth your dead!" Instantly the light of love beams in the sorrowful eye of the young wife, as the rustling of the straw shows that the sound strikes upon the sleeper's ear. Hope enters, and softly kissing the

tears as they roll over the lids of sorrow, breathes into the ear in encouraging cadence: "Let sorrow flee thy home; thy husband but sleepeth, his soul is not dead; I will plant about thy threshold the hardy roots of Resistance, Resolution and Strength; do thou twine the domestic violets of Thrift and Industry, and Peace and Plenty will ripen in the soil." "And will these grow?" I asked. "We will come again." And truly on the morrow again I looked in at the door, and about the portal the healthy verdure was springing up—from the seed of Hope's offering—and budding in the sunshine, lovingly the protecting arm of manhood was thrown about the form he had promised to cheerish, and sweetly prattled the babe upon its father's knee—and this was the first lesson taught of Hope.

If the rose is sweetest half-budded and trembling with dew; if the note of the dying swan lends softer melody for its death; if the sunset hues of even tinge in greater glory the sailing vapors of heaven, even so is the sick couch of a fair girl more lovely than the dance and song of youthful merriment. "Oh, sweet mother, for one breath of the violet, one soft wind to fan this aching head. I do not know; am I dying? there seems a spirit beside me, and it whispers again, gentle sufferer, thou wilt breathe the violet air of Spring, and the south wind of summer will play in thy hair, and she seems weaving a pretty garland of the dainty flowers I love, so beautiful, so beautiful; is it a fairy garland, mother? place it here, *here*;" and the pale girl died, clasping the garland of Hope.

It was a lone heath we passed then, and the roar of many waters came over the land sea; the chilly winds and wild uproar of nature spent themselves among the dwarf shrubs, until, in the darkness of the coming tempest, we reached a rocky barrier, and, ascending its rude sides, we looked upon the angry ocean; black and pointed rocks projected quite in the surge and waves, beyond our view, and a gallant vessel was tossed and torn among them; one safe channel there was, and why, short-sighted mariner, heedest thou not the life track? Brave vessel, what despair hath fastened upon thy trembling crew? Hath Hope fled the bark which beareth her chosen emblem? or doth the darkness of night baffle the skill of the helmsman? Even now she hath seized the guiding post, and steers bravely for the beacon light she set; the thunder cloud hath splintered the mast-head; a deceitful leak is filling the hold; yet Hope sends her voice through the hoarse throat of the trumpet, and, firm as the pole star, bears onward amid the storm.

Again we journeyed, and the camp fires showed frightful heaps of dead and dying human forms; carnage and rapine and murder stalked among the posts of the battle-field; the ground was slippery with the blood of the brave-hearted, and pools, dank and loathsome, were moulded with the mildew of stagnation: ghastly was the broad scene; torn and rent banner and plume lay in mockery by the severed limb and mangled corpse. Oh Hope, I shrieked, leave me not in this fearful company. I see thy death in all these decaying bodies; here lieth, stiff and cold, one manly and noble, who braved the face of battle and left the core of his being beside a wandering stream, enshrined in the idol of youthful worship. He is dead, and all his hope of love and life and fortune are crushed with him. The widow, the mother, and sister, all will read in this day of Fame, the death of many a fair promise.

While thus I lamented, I heard the voice

of the Spirit, and as I stumbled over the heaps of decaying flesh, I came to a spot beneath a spreading tree, and behold! my companion had clothed herself in a vision, and resting on her hand was the worn head of a warrior; his comrades also were about him, but he heeded them not, as kindly they tightened the hold of the rough bandage of his wounds; a play was around the fixed lip; the vision had brought him far from the dread pillow of the battle-field, and laid him where, tendering to his wants, was the mother of his childhood, the wife of his youth, and the babes of his heart. Hope pressed the hard hand, and her breath was soft to his hot lip, and he murmured, "loved ones and dear ones, in the god of battles I have trusted, and once again am I with you," and as the fair maid died clasping Hope's garland, so died the worn soldier resting on the lap of Hope.

A SONG FOR DECEMBER.

BY MARY M. CHASE.

THE stars were everywhere,
The wailing night-winds hushed,
When through the parting air
A sudden pinion rushed—
"Ai! ai!"
Came a wild and shrieking cry,
"I return never!"

The sleeper's dream of grace
Was changed to night-mare fear,
As through each silent place
Rung out that echo clear—
"Ai! ai!"
Pity me, passing by,
I return never!

Loud creaked the untrod floors,
The bolted shutter clashed,
Back swung the latched doors,

The night-lamp sudden flashed—
"Ai! ai!"
Was the sharp, unearthly cry—
"I return never."

Aroused, the mastiff good
Reared up his shaggy head,
And bayed in discord rude,
As on the wailing sped—
"Ai! ai!"
To the fearful past I fly—
I return never!"

All souls that vigils kept,
Of pleasure or of pain,
All souls that peaceful slept,
Heard the lamenting strain.
"Ai! ai!"
To the earth, to the sky
I return never."

THE ETERNITY OF TIME.

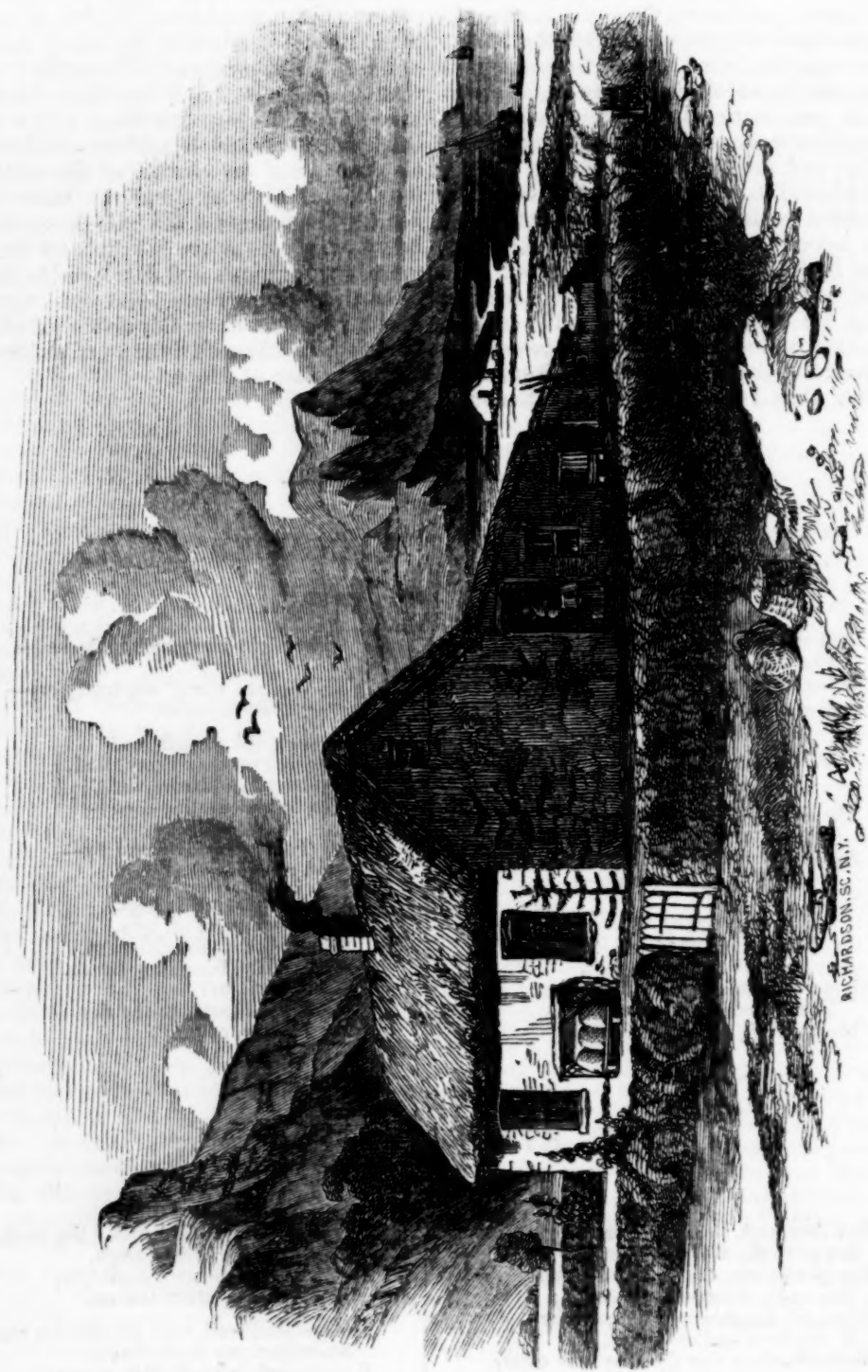
BY H. A. J.

TEN thousand, thousand years ago,
Long ere the world was made,
Ere yet the sun, the moon, the stars,
The vault of heaven displayed:
When all things were in chaos blent,
In realms of endless space,
Night brooding o'er the shapeless mass,
The time flew on apace.

A dread, an awful stillness filled
The universe around:
Not even did the slightest noise
Disturb the vast profound,—

Till from the void God called the earth,
Then rose the primal morn,
And from that moment until this,
The time has still rolled on.

And yet shall roll, e'en though the sun
Should set, no more to rise,
E'en though impenetrable gloom
Envelop all the skies,
E'en though the world should cease to be
And all things else should die,
Without beginning, without end,
Time shall all death defy.



RICHARDSON, SC. N.Y.

A MODEL COTTAGE.

A MODEL COTTAGE.

THE cut which we give of a model cottage was not designed for the model of an American cottager's residence. Quite the contrary. The thatched roof in this country is rarely seen, and is only used to shelter cattle and pigs. An American "sovereign" must rest his head beneath a shingle or a slate roof, and very properly; for although straw makes a very picturesque covering for a cottage, it is neither sweet, warm, nor dry. The "model" is the copy of a cottage designed by some benevolent humanitarian in England for the benefit of the Irish peasantry. It is built of mud and thatched with straw; the humble house is surrounded by an enclosure or hedge of some kind; there are fruit trees, or vines, trailed against the sunny side of the cottage, and under a little cubby house are snuggled three bee-hives. The model is by the sea shore, a fishing vessel lies on the beach, there are high cliffs in the background, and a comfortably clad woman is going into the door of the house; at the lower end is a small enclosure, which is probably the pig-pen, for a pig is the prime requisite of an Irish cottage, whether it be a model one or not. But this is a fancy sketch, there are no such cottages in Ireland, or at least none in which the peasantry dwell. The poor people of that unhappy country live in the most dismal-looking habitations that we have ever entered. The imagination of an American who has known nothing of life but from his experience among his own countrymen, could never form any conception of the wretchedness and discomforts of an Irish hovel. The utter destitution of all those conveniences of life, without which the poorest family in this abundant country of ours could not "get along," renders the Irish hovel an unimaginable dwelling to an "enterprising Yankee." Ladies express astonishment that Irish servants know so little about the most ordinary duties of a household; but the wonder is that they should know anything, or that, considering their early training, they should ever learn anything. The poorer class of Irish that come to this country, however, are extremely docile, and quick to learn, and very soon become so used to their improved style of living, that they take to their unwonted luxuries as naturally as though they had never been accustomed to anything different. They are very apt to make model houses for themselves in a surprisingly short

time after their landing on our shores, and from the reckless and improvident beings they were always at home, become thrifty, industrious, careful, and ambitious of social distinction. This sudden transformation of character is owing solely to the equal privileges which every white person enjoys in this country. Englishmen would be under no necessity of designing model cottages for their Irish brethren, if they would permit them to enjoy equal privileges with themselves. What they want in Ireland is model men, and not model houses. Let us mention in this connexion something about a model movement in society which has been made recently in the manufacturing town of Fall River, in Massachusetts. Some of the wealthy employers and factory owners of that thrifty town, at the head of whom is a benevolent gentleman named Ruggles, who is not afraid to do good in his own way, recently originated a weekly soiree, which was held in the town hall, for the benefit of the working classes. These meetings were called calico soirees, because some of the ladies appeared in dresses of that cheap cloth. All classes attended; the rich mill owner, and his poor operatives; the ship-owner and his sailors; the mistress and her servants; the shop-keeper and his clerks; the creditor and debtor; the lawyer and client, the preacher and his congregation, the teacher and his scholars. A friend of ours who was present at one of these soirees, described the scene as very cheering and pleasant; and the effect on all who attended was alike profitable. It took some of the nonsensical pride out of the uppish, and raised the ambition and self-respect of the lowly. The friend who attended one of these unique soirees, said that the coachman who drove them to the hall, after he had taken care of his horses, changed his dress, and came in and mingled with the company without any appearance of restraint or awkwardness. They had music, conversation, and cheap refreshments, and after a lively evening they all retired to resume their accustomed duties and stations the next day. They were all the better for their promiscuous intermingling, we have no doubt; and such a custom as this in other lands, would convert the wretched hovels of the poor into model cottages which princes as well as peasants might be glad to dwell in.

WOMEN IN MALE ATTIRE.

BY MISS F. L. TOWNSEND.

AMONG the schemes advocated by the female reformers of the present day, there is none more startling than that which aims at the overthrow of all distinction in the costume of the sexes. As a general thing, the reformers either deny the existence of this project, or forbear to advocate it publicly; but the appearance of a pamphlet from the Brussels press, written by Miss H. M. Weber, in which male attire is boldly and ingeniously recommended as "the most appropriate vesture for single females," removes all doubt upon the subject, and shows conclusively that the scheme is seriously entertained. Miss Weber is a graceful and vigorous writer, and treats her subject with apparent fairness. She adduces authorities to prove that, in the early ages, men and women dressed precisely or very nearly alike; and that the distinction in dress which now exists, "was arbitrarily drawn by the male sex, in the tyrannical exercise of power which they derived solely from their greater physical superiority."

Admitting the truth of these allegations, it is yet difficult to discover any want of liberality in this "arbitrary" decree of man, for he seems to have assigned to woman a dress infinitely more graceful than the one he appropriated to himself. There are many women, however, who are not satisfied with the boundless variety of feminine garments in their wardrobes; they delight in setting the rules of society at defiance by going about in the garments of the other sex. Of late, we have seen so many of these amazons on the theatrical boards, that our natural repugnance to such sights has gradually worn away. But a few years back, an actress in a masculine dress almost invariably wore a tunic or frock-coat, which completely enveloped the form as low down as the knees; but more recently this commendable practice has been repudiated, and every playgoer has seen the most popular of our actresses, such as Miss Cushman, Miss Mary Taylor, Miss Isabel Dickinson, and many others, striding over the stage in close-fitting pantaloons, modish dress-coats and gay waistcoats—looking for all the world like male exquisites attired for the ball room. As often as one of these actresses appears in such a costume, she is greeted with enthusiastic applause, in which the ladies heartily participate, and then confirm their admiration by viewing her more critically through their opera glasses. The pernicious tendency of this practice will be apparent to any one; it familiarizes the sex to behold themselves in a costume of ques-

tionable propriety, and, in the long run, they conceive a *penchant* for male attire which prompts many to assume it, to the great injury of their good names.

Miss Weber has, I believe, never been on the stage; but she has gone a step beyond Mademoiselle Dejaset, or Mademoiselle Lassa, or indeed any other theatrical amazon known to fame; for, by her own admission, she dresses *exclusively* in men's clothes, and has done so for several years. Her example, in making this bold innovation upon the usage of society, is far more deleterious in its tendency than her writings. Among thousands of readers the latter may pass as mere visionary speculations, plausible enough, but obviously impolitic; while her example, rendered conspicuous by her great beauty and accomplishments, her irreproachable character and high social position, cannot fail to exercise a vast influence over those with whom she associates. Her plan proposes to restrict girls to their frocks until the completion of their education. Upon their entrance into society they are to dress precisely like males of similar age and condition, and continue to wear male attire until the day of their marriage.—Widows, at the end of the mourning season, are to resume men's apparel, unless they have determined never to marry again. In effect, this is a scheme to distinguish marriageable females from married women and confirmed widows. Regarded in this light it has at least one merit, and may, on that account, claim the friendly countenance of the bachelor fraternity. It would save them a vast deal of trouble in ascertaining the domestic rank of a new lady acquaintance, and prevent them from committing the now common error of falling in love with married women.

With her characteristic earnestness of purpose, Miss Weber acts upon her own suggestion, and dons the style of dress which she considers appropriate to the present era of her life. Mrs. Grey, who visited her at her house in Belgium, says, "She usually wears a blue dress-coat and light buff waistcoat enriched with plain gilt buttons, a dark cravat, drab pantaloons and black hat." Quite an interesting costume for a handsome young lady, truly! Gentle reader, just imagine yourself arrayed in this captivating suit! What a figure you would cut in the ball room! How gracefully you would trip through the mazes of the dance, whirl around in the giddy waltz, and march in the promenades! What masculine

biped could hold out against your overwhelming charms? And then picture to yourself the whimsical duties of your favored beau.—He brings your hat and cane to you when you are about to leave; he considerably rectifies the tie of your cravat which has been disturbed in the convolutions of the dance; in place of presenting you a nosegay, he sticks a diminutive rose in a vacant button hole of your vest; and, with a gallantry worthy of an ancient knight, he brushes the dust from your boots or shoes with his snow white handkerchief. Delightful fancy! The very thought is enough to turn the heads of all the husband-seeking young ladies in Christendom, and quite sufficient to make the most daring crusader against female pantaloony—even Mrs. Swisshelm herself—pause in her career.

Seriously, this subject is entitled to the earnest consideration of all who desire the female sex to retain the garments which the experience of centuries has proved to be proper to their condition. The efforts in progress to set aside this time-honored style of apparel are not to be treated with indifference. They cannot possibly be attended with full success; but it is quite likely that they will prevail to a partial extent among the over-zealous champions of woman's rights. The change proposed is unnecessary and inexpedient, and, on this account, deserves a strenuous opposition. It would only be wasting words, nowadays, to argue that the male dress should be proscribed on the grounds of immodesty, for none but the veriest prudes can discover wherein the alleged indelicacy consists. If it be morally right for men to wear pantaloons, it is equally so for women to wear them. The assumption of male attire by a female furnishes, of itself, no just grounds to excuse her of any impurity of thought or purpose.—What is there in a coat, or a vest, or a pair of pantaloons, to make it immodest? When these garments are worn by a gentleman, is it immodest for a lady to look at them? How then can any immodesty attach to them if she chooses to wear them herself? It is all folly to say that one sex may, with perfect delicacy, wear a dress which would, if worn by the other, appear indecent or morally objectionable. If Miss Weber, by her adoption of male attire, had lost any of the delicacy proper to her sex, she could not retain, as she now does, the intimate friendship of Mrs. Grey, Mary Howitt, Madame Laborde, and other ladies of well-known good character.—The opposition to the costume must be based upon its inexpediency, and must be carried on by fair arguments and with the aid of moral

suaſion. Legal enactments on this subject are productive of nothing but evil. In most civilized countries there are laws which, if enforced, would prevent one sex from wearing the garments of the other. To suppose that men would ever want to dress in female apparel would be an absurdity. A very effeminate man might succeed in counterfeiting the looks of a woman; but his manners and voice would instantly condemn him, and make him ridiculous. Man is a species of monster in petticoats; he knows it, and therefore does not covet them. The laws alluded to above are, in effect, decrees issued by the men to forbid females from putting on coats and pantaloons. To the female sex has been attributed, over and again, an inherent propensity to rebel against all special prohibitions. With this common frailty of the sex in view, we may be able to fathom the motives which have prompted Miss Weber to take the field as a champion of the forbidden attire. Women had no share in framing the laws; therefore, she regards them as "tyrannical impositions;" and she dons male attire simply because the masculine law-makers have commanded her not to do so. If these laws were stricken from the statute books she would, most likely, resign her blue and buff and gilt buttons, and once more resume the appropriate garb of her own sex. By a proper direction of her talents she might secure for herself a higher renown than she can ever obtain by her endeavors to introduce a system which is at variance with the best interests of society.

Everybody has read "Lady Alice, or the New Una." This novel is well calculated to foster a disposition among thoughtless young women to wear male attire. The strange adventures of the beautiful heroine, in minutely described apparel belonging to the other sex, are so graphically depicted, that the reader not only excuses her disguise but cannot help admiring it. Of equally bad influence is a story familiar to all magazine and newspaper readers, called "Kate Darlington." The heroine of this sprightly tale runs away with her lover, disguised as a young man, and actually is married in that dress! The story of "Fanny Campbell" has also exercised its share of evil, by its glowing accounts of female adventure on the ocean in the guise of a sailor. Indeed, scarcely a novel is now written, in which the heroine is not made to figure in "a buff waistcoat with gilt buttons," or "a military frock buttoned to the chin." This is the spirit of the age; and it will result, unless seasonably checked, in the toleration, if not the sanction, of female pantaloony.

AN HOUR WITH NATURE.

BY KARL SCHERMER.

CAN we explain or account for the influence of Nature on our minds? No matter—let us first consider the fact—*what is*—and then we may inquire with better hope of success, or at least with a more definite idea of our subject—*why* it is. The sensitive soul goes out into the cool and shady woods to satisfy a want of its being—to be addressed by the voice of Nature. Nature who ever speaks to the attentive ear, and never allows her auditor to go away from her presence uninstructed.

Is it not singular?

This voice which comes from the heart of Nature, and which so thrills through the human soul—this voice, which, if you analyze it, is made up of the various sounds that fill the forest. The low moaning of the wind—the subdued though magnificently grand and awful roar which sounds from the swaying forest tops, faintly, yet *continuously*, and as though the elements of gigantic strength and power were rocking themselves to sleep—a troubled and unquiet sleep, which at any moment may be broken into a storm—the continual rippling of the waters as they surge around some moss-covered stone, half buried amid their foam—the monotonous hum of the insect that slowly buzzes from flower to flower—all these sounds fall upon the pleased ear at once, and though they utter no articulate voice, yet they have the essential attribute of language, and produce its legitimate effect. They convey an idea to the soul, and what perfect sentence of human construction can do more?

Is it not so?

What person of sensibility can set by the river's brink in the lonely forest for even a few moments, without feeling the influence of Nature? It cannot be. As well might you enter the presence of beauty and not be charmed by its magic spell. Her low voice whispers to his inmost soul. It is as if she would rouse his spiritual life into action. She seems to call on that want of his nature, which he has often felt moving him with its inexpressible yearnings, to come forth and develop itself—that he may look at it carefully and steadily, and perhaps discover thus, by her light and suggestions, what is that great good for which he is seeking. Ah! how powerful is the voice of Nature, thus speaking, to awaken those noble aspirations after some yet unattained good, which will occasionally lift the soul above the littleness of the present, in spite of the pressure of all its earthward tendencies and habits, and which

thus so nobly vindicate its immortality. How powerful is it to awaken the poetry of our minds—to call us back to first truths, and to the *realities* of our existence. We say *realities* of our existence, for we cannot tolerate that specious and false form of expression, which calls the outward accidents and occurrences of the day the *realities of life*, in contradistinction to those flights of the mind which enter within the veil of the immaterial world, and which impress us with the predominance of the intellectual and the spiritual.

We aver that the "man of the world," conversant with the petty detail of business and of human action—engrossed by little cares, harassed by little annoyances, and all his ambition directed to the attainment of little ends—we aver that such a man forgetful of his higher nature, forgetful of the great claims of the mighty Future, and ignorant of his own capacity for infinitely purer and nobler enjoyments than those which now engross him—such a man is the one who may properly be said to be ignorant of the *realities* of life. Is he not living in a false land of dreams more truly than the warmest enthusiast? Are not the pleasures which he is pursuing fanciful, as much so at least as the so-called *fancies* of the poet? Are they not still worse? Are they not false? Will not the fair-seeming apple crumble to ashes at his touch? Does he not forget the reality that life is but the vain show of a moment, and that its ends and pursuits, which seem so great, are but the transitory pursuits of a moment. Oh, how much more *real* is the life of the true poet, who sees in the all-surrounding and encompassing material, but the image and shadow of the spiritual. Who knows that a great palace of brick and mortar gives no more of true happiness to the inhabitant than a humble dwelling. Who knows that the universal admiration and envy which talents or a high position excite, are far less desirable than the love of even one being who may occupy a very inferior position in life. It is the true poet who is conversant with the actual—and whose ear ever open to the voice of Nature and of God hears ever sounding the great *Truth*.

We have said that Nature holds a strange influence over the mind of man—an influence which sometimes becomes so strong as to be irresistible. Sometimes—is it not so? Answer me, passionate soul—sometimes when we are alone with Nature in the stillness of the great woods, her deep low *suggestive* voice

whispering in our ears awakens such a passionate longing for the soul knows not what—for some real, some substantial good that it moves us even to tears. Yes—to tears—we shrink not to avow it, for in everything sublime, in everything intense, there is an element of sadness.

Witness it in the soul-full face of the maiden upturned to meet the ardent gaze of her lover. What a tender, sad expression it assumes. The tear that gives a dewy lustre to her eye, we feel to be the strongest possible proof of the intensity of her passion.

It is so with the sublimity of Nature. There are times when we are *awed* by the expression which Nature assumes. It is so sorrowful, so desolate. Then how mournfully complains the murmuring river as the shadows of evening gather around it, and it is hurried on, fate-bound, to be buried in the dread ocean. It may not stand—and it lifts its moaning voice, which strives to be heard above the gurgling of the waters, to us who stand upon its banks, praying us to help and to save.

The mountains stand before you bathed in the mellow twilight, lifting their serene brows upward, like some noble and uncomplaining spirit which suffers, and yet is too proud, too magnanimous, to speak of its sorrows.

Nature will have sympathy from man. Man cannot be alone with her without feeling her softening, her elevating influence upon his mind. One cannot be long in her presence, having his soul open to her teachings, without almost feeling the throbbing of her great heart beneath him as she yearns to unite herself in the bonds of love with her erring children.

And she not only seeks thus by sympathy to unite herself to the soul of man, but like a wise and loving mother, she seeks to educate him, to teach him great and worthy lessons, which evil influences have made him forget.

And what is her language? Ah! if rightly interpreted, does not her mournful voice counsel him thus? My son, look around you and above! See what infinite skill has been employed to create this infinite life and being which surrounds you. So vast! so varied!

Behold! and adore Him whose hand now visibly bows the forest-tops above thee, and whose breath now curls the leaf of the anemone at thy feet. See, too, my child, how the glad waters dance in the sunlight, with what a mild complacency the venerable trees stand before thee, their heads bathed in the warm rays of the sun! What a fullness and inexpressible depth of joy gushes forth from the heart-fountain of that little bird! Behold and listen, my child, and learn to love!

Thus is the wild, earnest, mournful voice of Nature ever sounding in the ear of man the two great lessons, which are two, yet one—Religion and Love.

Go! thou who art wrapped up in the selfishness of a cold world, and dost already begin to feel the stony casing, petrifying about thy heart—go into the solitude of the forest, into the vast stillness of the rocks and mountains, or by the lonely shore of the ever-sounding sea, and learn a lesson of Nature. Come back a man, with manly sympathy for humanity, with a generous heart and high aspirations for a nobler position among men, the lofty position of a benefactor and a friend to mankind.

GOD'S VOICE IN NATURE.

BY MRS. SARAH BROUGHTON.

WHEN morning with her roseate wand
Day's eastern gate unbars,
And casts a veil of glory o'er
The dim receding stars;
How many a thrilling music-tone
Breaks on the listening ear,
Yet mid the thousand echoing strains
The Father's voice I hear.

When from the uncreated fount
Of splendors ever bright;
The myriad orbs went forth to trace
Their paths of dazzling light,
Which through the dim, uncertain past,
Have mark'd the circling years—
That voice gave out the key-note grand,
To the chorus of the spheres.

'Tis heard in tones of majesty,
When thunders rock the sky,
Or when on desolation's wing
The hurricane sweeps by;
Or zephyrs thrill their whisper'd lays
In the flow'ret's drowsy ear,
That voice is in the dew-gemm'd bowers
With cadence soft and clear.

Whether the gentle summer gales
Play 'mid the forest trees,
Or with unwritten melody
Sweep o'er the shimmering seas;
In every varying note that peals
Along the twilight dim,
I hear the glorious voice that erst
Awoke Time's morning hymn.

“SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.”

No. III.—My CHILD.

BY WILLIAM P. MULCHINOCK.

ONWARD, onward, fleetly rushing,
Like a river to the sea,
Hope-illumined, rainbow-color'd
Speed the summer hours with me.
Flowers of joy around me springing,
Passing beautiful as May,
Thought-engrossing, soul-enthraling,
Woo my vision night and day.
Whence this wondrous, wondrous magic,
Charming sense, and chaining mind,
Whisp'ring to my heart like music—
Sweetest music on the wind?
Magic, born not of the summer,
Born not of the beauteous spring,
Sweetest-essence all completeness,
Soft as play of seraph's wing.
Sleep, sleep on, my infant daughter,
Alice of the angel brow,
I am watching by thy pillow,
Deep and sweetly slumber now.

Thine the power, and thine the magic,
That has steeped my soul in bliss,
With thy wordless infant music
And the Hybla of thy kiss:
And the mind that danceth ever
In the lightning of thine eyes,
Blue as Heaven, when no cloudlet
Flings its shadow o'er the skies.
Sleep, sleep on, my infant daughter,
Alice of the angel brow,
I am watching by thy pillow,
Deep and sweetly slumber now.

With a joy akin to Heaven,
Future-ward I look afar,—
When thy little mind, unfolding,
Shall grow lustrous as a star,
I, myself, will be thy teacher,
“Love thy God and serve thy kind,”
Shall be, love, the earliest lesson
I will stamp upon thy mind.
Through the varied walks of nature
Thou shalt roam, my child, with me,
By the mountain and the river,
And the world-embracing sea,
By the truest love-progressive,
I will raise thy spirits' eyes,
From the little mountain daisy,
Upward to the starry skies.
Thou shalt be a zealous worker,

Not for glory, not for fame,
What to thee were man's approval,
If thy conscience should but blame,
Thou shalt know the thoughts of sages,
Thou shalt read the poet's song,
Thou shalt mingle in the battle
That right wages against wrong,
And all countries under Heaven
Thou shalt hold of little worth,
When compared with holy Ireland,
The dear land that gave you birth,
Thou shalt kneel before the altar
Of thy sire's time-honor'd faith,
And drink in its holy teachings
Till the moment of thy death.
Sleep, sleep on, my infant daughter,
Alice of the angel brow,
I am watching by thy pillow,
Deep and sweetly slumber now.

Thou shalt look upon thy mother
With the tenderest of love,
High and pure as that the angels
Feel and show in skies above.
By her form for ever flitting,
Thou shalt bid her heart rejoice,
With thine earnest, fond caresses
And the music of thy voice,
Thou shalt make her thy companion,
All your hopes and all your fears,
You shall ever fondly whisper
In her love-awaken'd ears,
All the little household duties
Thou shalt learn by her dear side,
That thy heart may keep the lesson
When a fond mate calls thee bride.
With thy ringing silver laughter
Thou shalt wake her heart to mirth,
Till she hail thee as the angel,
Joy-dispenser of our hearth.
Thou shalt lay thy silken tresses,
When she grieves, upon her cheek,
While thy sweet mouth proffers kisses
With each sad word she may speak.
To thy sire, as to thy mother,
Thou shalt be a hope and joy,
Shining ever with a lustre,
Time can fade not or destroy.
Sleep, then sleep, my infant daughter,
Alice of the angel brow,
I am watching by thy pillow,
Deep and sweetly slumber now.



HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

The Poets and Poetry of America to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century. By Rufus Wilmot Griswold. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1850. 10th edition.

Let what may be said of the merits or demerits of this exposition of the intellectual life of the United States, there is one important fact that all must admit; and that is, that this volume, together with its kindred compilations by the same author, forms the only complete history of the literature of the New World. The three volumes, therefore, must remain standards for study and reference on both sides the Atlantic until something better shall be offered to displace them. The volume before us is very far from being perfect, but we fear we shall never see an improvement upon it from another source. It would be an ungracious office to point out defects in a work which we must confess, after all, was the best of the kind to be had; let us then be grateful to the author for it, and, until we can either produce or point to a better one, speak of it only in terms of praise. It is remarkable that Dr. Griswold should, in his selections, have omitted all the comic, satirical, and humorous productions, even of those writers whose fame rests chiefly upon such poems. But, perhaps, he thinks that comic, or humorous verse, is not legitimately entitled to a place in a volume of national poetry at all. It would be difficult, however, to form a just estimate of the genius of Halleck, Holmes and Lowell without a knowledge of their humorous and satirical poems. But we have no thought of criticising this volume; the "TENTH EDITION," on the title page is the best comment upon the author's labors. We are informed that eleven thousand volumes of the work have been sold in seven years. This, to use a hacknied but most appropriate phrase, "speaks volumes," and we need add no more. But, while we have this collection before us, let us see

WHERE DID OUR POETS COME FROM?

The number of writers that our country has produced since the time of Philip Frenau, who, according to Dr. Griswold, have a claim to the title of poet, is 99. To show in which part of our country there has been the greatest degree of intellectual activity, and the highest refinement we have taken the trouble to make a little statistical table of the birth places of our poets. Of the ninety-nine twenty-seven were born in Massachusetts; fifteen in Connecticut; five in Maine; three in New Hampshire; three in Vermont, and two in Rhode Island. So that New England claims no less than fifty-five—more than a half, and among these are all the really eminent names in poetry of which we can boast. Bryant, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier,

Halleck, Holmes, Willis, Dana, Sprague and Neal. Of these, all but one belong to Massachusetts; for when Willis, Longfellow and Neal were born, Maine was a province of the Bay State. New York comes next on the list, in point of numbers, to Massachusetts, having given birth to nineteen of the poets in Griswold's Walhalla; Pennsylvania claims eight; Virginia, the mother of statesmen, two! South Carolina, three; Maryland, three; New Jersey, three; District of Columbia, one; Kentucky, one; born abroad, two; and two the places of their birth not given. North Carolina, Delaware and Georgia are the three States of the original thirteen, that have not produced a poet. Of the new States, there are Ohio, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Indiana, Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Florida, Texas and California. Poets are not half so abundant, south of Mason and Dixon's line, as presidents. Virginia has furnished to the Union seven Chief Magistrates and but two poets. North Carolina has given birth to a president, but she cannot boast of even one poet. But what is a president compared with a poet in influencing the destiny of a people? How many minds are daily swayed by the verses of Lowell, and Whittier, and Bryant, while the messages of the majority of our presidents lie forgotten in dusty obscurity! It is a strange fact that Pennsylvania, with her immense resources, her great population, and with all the advantages of her early settlement, should make so poor a figure in the intellectual history of the nation; it may be said, perhaps, that she has devoted herself to more important affairs than the cultivation of literature; but it will be profitable for legislators and political philosophers to bear in mind that Massachusetts, that takes the lead of all the States of the Union in literature, also takes the lead of all in manufactures and commerce; she owes her cotton manufactures, her ships, and her railroads to precisely the same cause to which she is indebted for her poets and philosophers; and this cause is her public schools. It is most comforting to the heart of one who has had to fight his way in the world, and to struggle against his antecedents instead of being forwarded by them, to know how low in life the greater part of the illustrious men found themselves at the commencement of their upward career. The majority of the brief biographies of our poets commence like that of Albert Pike, who says "his father was a journeyman shoemaker, who worked hard, paid his taxes and gave all his children the benefit of an education." This was an indifferent set out in life, but the first we hear of this son of a journeyman shoemaker he was writing "Hymns to the Gods"

in Blackwood's Magazine. At the close of the volume Dr. Griswold has given some fifty poems, by "various authors," and among them we discover a few names which certainly have as good a right to be placed in the list of the poets as many that we find there.

Turkish Evening Entertainments. Translated from the Turkish. By John P. Brown. New York: Putnam. 1850.

Mr. Brown, the translator of these brief and pithy "Entertainments," has been during many years dragoman of the United States Legation at Constantinople, and is favorably known to readers in this country by his Oriental sketches contributed to the Knickerbocker Magazine. These "Entertainments" are denominated in the original "The Wonders of Remarkable Incidents and the Rarities of Anecdotes, by Ahmed Ibn Hemden the Ketkhoda, called 'Sohailee.'" They form, altogether, a handsome volume of nearly four hundred pages, and afford as much interesting entertainment mingled with profitable suggestions as can be found in any Oriental work of fiction that we have read. They are especially valuable to young readers, inasmuch as they give correct and graphic descriptions of Turkish manners, and invigorate the understanding by healthy morals. Each chapter contains a number of stories illustrating a particular theme. The following extract from Chapter III, on the fulfilment of promises, will give a just idea of the contents of the volume, and the literary talents of translator. A true Christian will not hesitate to gather wisdom even from a Mahomedan:

One of the most remarkable anecdotes in history is found in the story of Tiej and Sharik. Numan bin el Manzer was one of the noblest of the great and noble; he was considered among the Arabs as a famous prince, gracious and generous, and celebrated in the pages of liberality; and as one who gave great gifts to all goers and comers. To two days in the week he had given names: one he called Naam, (good fortune) and the other Bos, (ill fortune.) This was a custom handed down to him from his ancestors, to fulfil which he was always very attentive. All those persons who came to see him on the day called Naam, he considered as being in every respect worthy of his bounty, and always dismissed them well pleased with their reception; but as for those who were so unlucky as to come during that called Bos, he rolled their heads in the dust of the earth with the decree of execution, and made their blood to flow like tears from the eyes of the innocent.

By Divine Providence, once it happened that a man of good birth, named Tiej, by a blast of misfortune, became afflicted and impoverished; and his wife and children being miserable in adversity, he, with a hope of relief, bade them farewell, and sat out for the prosperous sill of Numan's gate. Without knowing anything of Numan's custom, he forthwith entered his presence, and, commencing to offer his respects, recited a few lines explaining his situation. Now it happened that this was the unfortunate day called Bos, and, as Numan's eye fell upon the luckless Tiej, he remembered the custom of the day, and made known that the life

of the devoted and ignorant man would fall a prey to fate. Tiej with the tongue of eloquence commenced a melodious compliment, which at the same time explained his situation. "O emir! this unfortunate being has a number of children, who are without provisions or the means of procuring any; and he is come, hoping by the water of his face (sweat of his brow) to gain them food. They famishing await his return; he left them lamenting and in tears, and on account of having come on this day his head must be the forfeit. Wisdom is with God, but my children are ready to die of hunger; do therefore, I beseech you, delay awhile my execution, and I will fail in nothing; but after bearing the food which you give me to my children, will return before the sun has set. Then do with me whatever you may deem proper."

When the Emir Numan heard these words, he pitied the man from his heart, and the generosity of his disposition would not suffer the children to die for want of food: so he said to Tiej, "I grant your request; but a security for your person is necessary, and if you fail to return I will surely execute him in your stead." They cast his eyes from one side to the other; but no one had the courage to volunteer, except one of Numan's officers, who happened to be nearest to him, named Sharik—a man celebrated for his noble and excellent feelings. Tiej looked in this man's face, and repeated these lines on his generosity:

ARABIC VERSES.

- "Oh! Sharik bin Andee, there is no escape from death.
 "Who will befriend helpless children, who know not even the taste of food?
 "Children who are in the midst of hunger, expectation of relief, poverty and disease.
 "O thou who art brother of the generous, and a member of the family of the generous!
 "O brother of Numan, bestow upon me the liberality of your security, and I will return to you before you make your evening meal.

Sharik arose to his feet and said, "O emir! I will be this man's security. Give him leave to depart." So the emir gave him the desired permission; and Tiej, saying, "Expect me before the sun sets," hastily departed to his children.

Now the afternoon prayer-time (*aser*) came, and Numan said, "Be ready, O Sharik, there is but little expectation of the Arab's ever returning." Sharik replied, "The time on which we agreed was sunset; I am ready." Soon evening came, and Numan said, "Be ready, O Sharik, and, if you have any will to make, make it now." Sharik performed the ablution called *voozoo*, and knelt down before the place of execution.

At that moment, lo! a man was seen running in great haste across the desert towards them, who proved to be none other than the unfortunate Tiej, bathed in perspiration; and when he saw Sharik at the place of execution, he kissed his eyes, raised him up, and putting himself in his place, said, "Our engagement is now fulfilled; whatever is to be, oh! let it be done quickly."

But the Emir Numan inclined his head for a moment upon the knee of admiration, and after a little reflection, again raising it, said, "Never, in all my life, have I seen anything, O Tiej, more admirable than what you have just done."

"You have left no room henceforth for any one to excel in exactitude of fulfilment of promise; and you, O Sharik, have placed a seal on the chapter of generosity which evermore leaves no place for the name of 'generous.' I for ever abandon the

unworthy custom of our tribe, called Bos, which has existed so long among us; and may Allah pardon us for the acts of the past. With this innovation, let Naam truly be Naam, and those who come into our presence on either day, be bountifully supplied."

Behold in this true greatness and generosity; and surely nothing could be conceived more illustrative of good faith and fulfilment of promise.

Annals of the Queens of Spain. By Anita George. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1850.

The romantic history of Spain is a rich field that has lately been worked with signal advantage by our eminent countrymen, Irving, Prescott, and Ticknor; but they have not exhausted the soil that has yielded them so abundant a harvest. It was reserved for a woman, to give us the history of the Queens of Spain, from the time of the conquest of the Goths down to the reign of the inglorious lady who at the present period wields the destinies of the once chivalric Spaniards. The book is divided into four parts, the first containing accounts of the Gothic Queens from A. D. 415 to 714; the second, the Queens of Oviedo and Leon from 718 to 1037; the third, the Queens of Aragon from 1034 to 1474; and the fourth, the Queens of Castile and Leon from 1034 to 1745. The present volume ends with the Queen of Enrique the Fourth, called the impotent; a term which may fitly be applied to many of his successors. The volume is a very appropriate companion to the "Lives of the Queens of France," and the "Queens of England," by Miss Strickland.

James Montjoy; or, I've Been Thinking. By A. S. Roe. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850.

We took up this volume with a misgiving that its sub-title was a mere trap to catch readers, and feared that an examination of its contents would convict the author of false pretences. We feared that he had not been thinking; but the perusal of a few pages satisfied us that the author had been thinking, and to a good purpose. We must say in a few words that this book, although belonging to a class which we particularly abominate—the political economy novel—is one of the freshest, healthiest, most instructive and entertaining domestic novels that we have yet read. Its literary merit is not great, the style is simple to awkwardness; it abounds in small grammatical errors, and is now and then prolix and tedious. But these are the faults of a beginner in literary labors, which can easily be mended, and of course will be; its distinctive merits are those of a clear-thinking, kind-hearted, sincere, and observing mind. It is purely American in tone and feeling, and original and earnest in management. The author's aims are distinctly developed, and his principles wrought out clearly and forcibly. The title of the book is a very bad one, because it in no manner indicates its purpose. The aim of the author was to show

by a fictitious history of the rise of a poverty-stricken and straggling village to a prosperous and busy town; how industry, intelligence, and virtuous intentions are rewarded. It is an old theme, but his manner of treating it is new, forcible, and pleasing. It is a book for the million, and we cannot but believe that it will be widely read, and, wherever read, be productive of good results. It would be a thankless labor to attempt an analysis of the plot, or a description of the characters. Each individual stands apart, and each name introduced stands for a strongly marked character. It more nearly resembles the Jane Eyre school of novels than any others, but is utterly unlike those wonderful fictions. The hero of the story is not James Montjoy; they are all heroes, and it might with as much propriety be called after any of the others. The villain of the piece is, very properly, a lawyer; and one of the excellent people is an old commodore. The story at first introduces us to three boys, whose fortunes make the interest of the narrative. Admirable boys they are, too; good hearted, sturdy, working Yankees; such as have laid the foundations of many cities and built up this mighty nation of which we are proud to be called citizens.

It is a pity that the author of this admirable narrative did not submit his MS. to some competent person before sending it to the press, that it might have been cleared of many grammatical inaccuracies which will be apt to prejudice some superficial readers who do not dip deeply enough into it to discover its excellencies. It forms a volume of 327 pages, and we hope it will be placed in every school and district library in the state. A better book for boys we do not remember to have read; and it also contains meat for men as well as milk for babies.

Memoirs of the Life of William Wirt. By John P. Kennedy. A new and revised edition. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1850.

We are happily spared the pleasant task of informing our readers how well deserving of their attention are these exceedingly pleasant volumes, for the interest which attaches to the name of their subject, and the reputation of their author, would be sufficient to recommend them, even though the announcement of a new edition, so soon after the appearance of the first, did not proclaim their merit. They are eminently valuable and instructive. Whoever reads them will not fail to draw the conclusion, that the ambition, which is peculiar to the South, or slaveholding states, to attain distinction in the profession of the law, perverted the talents of a man, in Wirt, whom nature designed for greatness in literature. A single glance at his noble countenance, even without reading his biography, will be enough to create a conviction that he was never meant for the technical and

belittling profession of a lawyer. His destiny was unfilled, he divided himself between his false idea of duty and his natural inclinations, and the consequences were inevitable; he was neither a great lawyer nor a great author. But he was successful as both. Mr. Kennedy dedicates the book to the "Young Men of the United States who seek for guidance to an honorable fame." The dedication is proper enough if properly understood. The example of Wirt should induce every young man to disregard the prejudices of society in seeking an "honorable fame," and follow the bent of their own genius, rather than the conventional roads to greatness. Mr. Kennedy speaks of the "humble birth" of Wirt, but truly he appears to have been nobly born compared with the greater number of our countrymen who have made themselves illustrious. He was born, it is true, in one of the wretchedest looking villages in the world, the straggling and tumble-down Bladensburgh, which is noted only for the duels fought within its precincts by hot-headed members of Congress; but his parents were respectable, and comfortably enough off as respects property. They died when he was young, but left him with an excellent physical constitution, and kind friends who bestowed upon him a good education. He was extremely fortunate in his connexions, and his delightful social qualities always insured him the friendship of the best men, or at least the highest in social and political life wherein he moved. He acquired wealth, distinction, and political promotion, by the law: but his heart was not in the business, and he was continually dreaming and anticipating the good time, when he should be able to quit the law, and give himself wholly to literature; but that time never came; and his chief literary production is the *Life of Henry*; his legal remains are nothing. There is only the tradition of his being twelve years Attorney General of the United States, for posterity to treasure up, as the fruits of his long life wasted in the most mercenary of all human callings. To show how truly he understood himself and how justly he intended to act, we give the following extract from a letter which he wrote to Benjamin Edwards in 1809:

It is true I love distinction, but I can only enjoy it in tranquility and innocence. My soul sickens at the idea of political intrigue and faction: I would not choose to be the innocent victim of it, much less the criminal agent. Observe, I do not propose to be useless to society. My ambition will lie in opening, raising, refining and improving the understandings of my countrymen by means of light and cheap publications. I do not think that I am Atlas enough to sustain a ponderous work: while a speculation of fifty or a hundred pages on any subject, theological, philosophical, political, moral or literary, would afford me very great delight, and be executed, at least, with spirit. Thus I hope to be employed, if alive, ten years hence, and so to the day of my death, or as long as I can write any

thing worth the reading. Voltaire (voluminous as his works now are, as bound up together) used to publish, in this way, detached pamphlets; and so did many others of the most distinguished writers in Europe—all the essayists and dramatists, of course, and many of the philosophers. This mode of publication is calculated to give wider currency to a work. There is nothing terrible in the price, or the massive bulk of the volume. The price is so cheap, and the reading so light, as to command a reader in every one who can read at all, and thereby to embrace the whole country. May not a man, employed in this way, be as useful to his country as by haranguing eloquently in the Senate? The harangue and the harangue-maker produce a transient benefit, and then perish together. The writer, if he have merit, speaks to all countries and all ages; and the benefits which he produces flow on for ever. To enjoy them both would be, indeed, desirable to a man who could feel sufficient delight in the applause of his eloquence to counter-balance the pain which the cabals, intrigues, calumnies and lies of the envious and malignant would be sure to inflict upon him. This I think I could never do; and I shall, therefore, attempt that kind of fame which alone I can find reconcilable with my happiness.

It is sad enough that one who could write thus should have been prevented from executing his design, by being tempted to occupy a position which a mere lawyer could have filled as well. His own reputation has suffered in consequence, and we all have been defrauded of the intellectual wealth that he could have bestowed upon us.

History of William the Conqueror. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Since the histories of England and Rome by Goldsmith were published, there has never appeared a series of similar reading-books for the young that so nearly approached those charming productions, as the little histories of great people by Jacob Abbott, of which the one now under notice is the last issued. They are written in a style that is both simple and romantic; and great judgment and admirable taste are displayed by the author in giving just those points of history best calculated to impress the mind of the youthful reader and convey a correct idea of the character of the personages who form the subjects of his histories. They are not intended to instruct the student of history, but for youthful readers, and for a great many adults who lack time and opportunity for the perusal of works of more pretension they will prove both instructive and entertaining. The series comprises the lives of Marie Antoinette, Mary Queen of Scots, Hannibal, Alfred the Great, and Queen Elizabeth.

The Miscellaneous Works of Goldsmith. By James Prior. Vol. 2d. Putnam. New York.

We have already commended this very handsome edition of Goldsmith's works, in noticing the first volume; the second volume contains the *Citizen of the World*, and "A Familiar Introduction to the Study of Natural History." The publication will be completed in four volumes.

Poems by John G. Saxe. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1850.

Mr. Saxe, like many other of our promising poets and prose writers, made his *debut*, we believe, in the pages of the Knickerbocker Magazine, where many of the pieces in this volume first found favor with the reading public. He is a young lawyer of Vermont and resides at Highgate in that State.—His forte, and, in fact, the single string upon which he plays in his poetry, is humorous satire; in this he is very successful, and some of his effusions would be worthy of Hood if they did not so much resemble him. We cannot undertake to say that Mr. Saxe would have written any differently if Hood had never existed; but there is an unfortunate resemblance in many of the pieces in this volume to the manner of that mirthful and yet sad genius. It is only in the facility of punning, the use of unexpected rhymes, and his jollity of manner that Mr. Saxe resembles Hood, for he never attempts the tender pathos and melancholy tone of his master, if we may so call him. This shows that our Vermont poet is no servile imitator, and causes us to believe that he is not an intentional copyist. The two longest poems in the volume are what are called "occasional addresses," one of which, "The Times," was read before the Boston Mercantile Library Association last November.—"Progress a Satire," has been before published, and was well received by the public. It passed through two editions in a short time. These poems are much superior, both in thought and execution, to the majority of similar efforts that have been published; they evince considerable ability for metrical composition, and, what is better, a good heart and a keen perception of the ludicrous side of human follies. Mr. Saxe has the merit, peculiar to New Englanders, of telling his countrymen boldly of their faults, and laughing in their faces when they put on airs foreign to their characters. There is nothing about "our glorious institutions" in his poems; he thinks, very justly, that what we least need is praise for our virtues. Yet there is nothing bitter, harsh, or sardonic in his verses. Like Holmes and Lowell, he laughingly, but earnestly, lays bare our "raw spots," and makes us feel our defects without making us angry at him for doing so.

The following brief extract from the "Times," is all that we can find room for from this neat volume:

We're fond of Missions, and rejoice to lend
Our ready aid the Gospel light to send
To chase the gloom that clouds the Pagan's soul,
And haply make his broken spirit whole;
To take the wanderer led by sin astray,
And win his footsteps to the better way.
No cavilling voice at schemes like this I raise,—
All this is well, and to the nation's praise.
Still let the work with growing force proceed,

That kindly answers to the Heathen's need.
But O, that some brave proselyte would come
And preach good morals to the folks at home!
O, that the next Australian whom they get
Safe in the meshes of the Gospel net,
Straight to our country may be kindly brought,
With all the Christian doctrine he has got,
That he may teach it, uncorrupt, and clear
Of all perversion, to our Heathen here!

Grammar of Arithmetic. By Charles Davies, L. L. D. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1850.

Professor Davies has rendered an important service to the cause of education by the publication of this admirable little treatise on the science of numbers, which contains a full and careful analysis both of the science and art of arithmetic.

Sixteen Easy Lessons in Landscape. By F. A. Otis. New York: Appleton & Co. 1850. Part II.

The only objection we can make to these lessons is that they are almost too easy; the examples of landscape drawing have but little merit as drawings; but they are sufficient to illustrate the principles of perspective which are very clearly expressed in the few remarks which accompany the drawings.

Boston Edition of Shakspeare's Dramatic Works, No. IX. Phillippa, Sampson & Co.

The ninth number of this beautiful edition of Shakspeare contains Love's Labor Lost, enriched by a finely engraved portrait of the Princess of France, from a drawing by J. W. Wright.

Paris; as seen during the spare hours of a Medical Student. By Augustus Kinsley Gardner, M. D. Second Edition. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1850.

This is a very finely illustrated edition of an exceedingly agreeable and instructive series of letters which now make their third appearance before the public; few works of the kind have ever been so honored. We remember reading the letters which compose this volume a few years since, with great interest, in that capital paper the Newark Daily Advertiser; then again in a neat volume entitled "Old Wine in New Bottles," and now we have again read them in their new and costly dress with as much interest as at first. Dr. Gardner, their author, was, at the time of writing them, a medical student; young, enthusiastic, inquisitive, shrewd, communicative, and unaffected. His letters, written without any thoughts of booking them, from the gay capital of Europe, then in the hey-day of Louis Philippe's reign, and containing the first impressions of a student from the new world, could not be otherwise than racy, entertaining and instructive. It would be folly to attempt to criticize gravely a volume composed in such a manner. The reader must fancy they are addressed to him by a friend, and he will then find in them a charming *insouciance*, and gaiety of heart. To those

who are expecting to visit Paris as medical students, this volume will be of great service in giving information, in respect to hospitals, boarding-houses, and the ways of the Quartier Latin, that it would be difficult to find elsewhere. The illustrations of the volume are twenty fine steel engravings of prominent public buildings and places.

Chapman's American Drawing Book. J. S. Redfield. New York.

We have unintentionally neglected to notice, until now, the issue of part 3d of this admirable elementary treatise on the art of drawing. The author is not a great artist, but he is a very facile one, and by the production of his "drawing book" for the instruction of others has done more for the cause of art than he ever did by his pencil. The third, and concluding part of the "Drawing Book" is devoted wholly to perspective, the principles of which are explained with great clearness.

Dictionary of Mechanics, Engine-work and Engineering. Oliver Byrne, Editor. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Nos. 1, 2.

This is a serial publication of very great value; in fact, there has been no work of the kind in so comprehensive a scale ever before attempted in this country. It is intended for practical engineers and workingmen. The editor is a scientific gentleman of reputation, and the two numbers issued give abundant evidence in the clearness of the text and the number of illustrations of his fitness for the work he has undertaken.

The Personal History and Experience of David Copperfield the Younger. By Charles Dickens. No. 9. John Wiley. New York.

Mr. Wiley's edition of this incomparable novel is fully equal to the London one. It is in no respect inferior to any of Dickens' works; each number brings us acquainted with new characters, and the teeming imagination of the author appears to be in no greater danger of exhaustion now than when he was revelling in the humors of Pickwick.

The Gallery of Illustrious Americans. Edited by C. Edwards Lester. No. 1. New York. 1850.

Taken altogether this is one of the best publications of the kind that has yet been undertaken on this side the Atlantic, and the splendid manner in which the first number has been got up should insure it a most hearty reception from all whose pecuniary ability will enable them to recompense the publishers for their liberality. The work is to consist of twenty-four numbers, and when completed will form a gallery of which every American should feel proud. We can boast of more than two dozen illustrious Americans, but it will be no small matter to have even that number bound up in so handsome a manner. The portrait of General Taylor furnished in the first number is one of the best

likenesses of Old Zach that we have seen; it is executed in lithograph by D'Avignon, from a daguerreotype by Brady. The letter press by Mr. Lester is well written, and the typography is extremely beautiful. The work is for sale at all the principal bookstores.

The American Poultry Yard. By D. J. Browne. With an Appendix, embracing the comparative merits of different breeds of fowls. By Samuel Allen. New York: C. M. Saxton. 1850.

It is enough to say of this most useful work that it is a complete treatise; that it is handsomely illustrated and should be in the library of every intelligent farmer in the Union.

A Treatise on Milch Cows. By M. Francis Guenon. Translated by N. P. Trist. With Introductory Remarks by John S. Skinner. New York: Bangs, Platt & Co. 1850. 14th edition.

All that we said of the "Poultry Yard" will apply with equal truth to this excellent work on a kindred subject.

The Battle Summer. By I. K. Marvel. New York: Baker & Scribner.

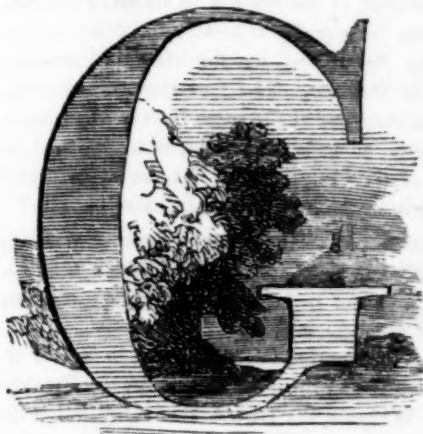
I. K. Marvel has given us a deeply exciting history of the last French revolution, but it is unfortunate for his own reputation that he has so closely imitated Carlyle's manner in the history of the first French revolution, by that eccentric genius.

Companion to Ollendorff's New Method of Learning to Read, Write and Speak the French Language; or, Dialogues and a Vocabulary. By George W. Greene, Instructor in Modern Languages in Brown University. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton.

The value and merits of Ollendorff's works for instruction in French, consisting chiefly in comprehensiveness and precision, are generally known and admitted, and the work with the above title, by George W. Greene, seems to be a valuable one for exercising the mind in the practical use of the language as acquired, and impressing it more indelibly on the memory; the author has a very forcible and just paragraph in his preface, which it would be well for all beginners about learning a foreign language to ponder. He says, "It is of no use to attempt to make a play of study. Any thing that is worth learning, is worth working for; and anybody that offers to carry you up a hill without your perceiving it, offers what he knows he cannot perform. Learning words by heart is very dull work, and yet it is the price everybody who wishes to learn a language must sooner or later pay. Do it in the beginning, and the rest of your progress will be easy and pleasant. Put it off, and you will never do it at all."

The work is published in a good and substantial style.

TO ALL OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS:



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ing is
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nobody
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make

so many guesses at truth as us editors; we have to guess at the tastes of the public, guess at the profits of our labors, guess when to begin and guess when to stop; but of all our guessing there is none more difficult than to guess at the merits of an unknown writer who sends us a few lines of manuscript as a specimen of his or her genius. We have such an infinite number of letters of this kind from excellent people who are willing to become contributors to our Magazine, that we are daily embarrassed to know what answers to give to many pressing inquiries that we would cheerfully give a favorable reply to.

"It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows."

The shows by which we are too often required to "square our guess" are so generally meagre that we are wholly at fault in trying to form our judgment, and are in as much danger of entertaining unangelic beings unawares, as of turning angels from our doors. We are especially loth to slight good talents, as we are to enrol among the elite of our literary co-workers those who have no right to mingle in such select company. Let us entreat our good friends, therefore, when they send us "specimen bricks" of their houses to send us at the same time a ground plan and an "elevation," if there should haply be any elevation to the subject, to enable us to judge knowingly of their quality.—Those who know most make the best guesses, and that is the reason why Yankees are so given to guessing. Some dozens of our correspondents will know what we mean by these remarks, and will, we trust, govern themselves, and judge us accordingly. A writer in the *American Review* some months since, in a humorous dissertation on Americanisms in language, remarks, in respect to guessing:

"The distinction between the Yankee and the

Virginian is so wide and so clearly drawn, as to be visible and palpable to every casual observer.—Should one, however, ever hesitate as to the place of nativity of one of our free and enlightened citizens, there exists a test, which, potent as the spear of Ithuriel, will dispel all clouds of doubt that may overshadow his mind. Let the person in question be requested to give an opinion upon any subject. Should he *guess*, write him down a Yankee; does he *reckon*, you may swear him a Southron. The Yankee *guesses*, the Southron *reckons*, which our New England friend never does, except by and with the aid, assistance, and advice of that estimable arithmetician and pedagogue, Nathan Daboll, Esq. Per contra, however, the Yankee *calculates*, and pretty shrewdly also, while the Southron *allows*. The one *wouldn't wonder* if some expected event should take place, while the other, more ardent and careless of assertion, "*goes his death upon it*" that it will. To the latter, drawing his comparison from his idolized rifle, a thing is "*as sure as shooting*," while to the former, more pious or more hypocritical, it is "*as sartin as preachin*."—The one will be "*darned*," and the other "*derned*," both evading an oath in nearly the same manner, the only difference being the substitution of one vowel for another. Should this asseveration require additional force, the Northern man will be "*gaul darned*," and the Southron "*dod derned*,"—a curious perversion of sacred names to ease the conscience while giving vent to one's temper."

The Virginian rarely reckons "right out," as the Yankee guesses, but qualifies it by saying, "I kinder reckon," as though he had a mistrust of his own judgment. The Yankee, on the contrary, guesses boldly, and generally correctly. As you travel South the vernacular changes, and long before you arrive at the dividing line, which separates us from our Mexican neighbors, familiar words assume such novel meanings that you have no small trouble in comprehending the drift of conversation which you overhear at the hotels. To *save* a man in Arkansas is equivalent to a dead loss anywhere else, as appears from the following anecdote from that State:

"The noted Judge W., better known as '*three-legged Willie*,' once attended a barbecue for the purpose of addressing the assembled multitude, and soliciting their votes for Congress. His opponent had slain a man in a duel or street fight, and was endeavoring to apologize and explain the circumstances connected with the act. Willie listened attentively with a sneer upon his countenance, and when he had finished, arose and remarked: 'The gentleman need not have wasted so much breath, in excusing himself for having *saved* a notorious

rascal ; all of you know that I have shot three, and two of them I got."

We desire to return thanks to an unmentionable friend for the following capital conundrum, which will be relished by our subscribers on the Sacramento, and the diggings about "thar." Why should California yield just double the quantity of gold this year to what it did the last ? Because it was then found only in particular p'int and now it is found in Quartz.

We beg leave respectfully to decline entering into the great controversy which has distracted the newspaper world, as well as private circles, respecting the half century question. Next to the Wilmot proviso, there has not been such an apple of discord thrown before the public since the Missouri question. We advise our correspondent J. P. L. in Otisco to study attentively all the ifs and ans of the subject, and then make up his mind upon the question. After the learned pundits of Harvard, and so grave a reasoner as the Rev. Dr. Cox of Brooklyn have published contradictory opinions upon the subject, we may be excused from having the presumption to express our opinion of the half century question. As to "our glorious union," which another correspondent south of Mason and Dixon's line thinks is in danger, and is unwilling, in consequence, to subscribe for more than six months in advance for "Holden," we can assure him with "heart-burning sincerity," that we truly believe there is no more danger of a dissolution of the union than there is of dissolving the Rocky Mountains. An earthquake may shake a part of one, as a political earthquake may shake the other ; but dissolution is another matter. Nature laid her plans here for an undivided nation, and we could not thwart her designs if we were to try ; our lakes and rivers, and our common language, would compel us to unite, even though we had been disunited in the beginning. Every day some new cause for union springs up ; one of the latest that we have heard of is the successful attempt, on the part of a Yankee, to introduce the cultivation of the tea-plant into South Carolina. As tea was one of the prime causes of our independence, who can say that it may not be one of the prime causes of preserving it. With a prospect of obtaining fresh teas, free of duty, from South Carolina, nobody at the North will ever consent to a dissolution with that fiery State. Mr. Junius Smith, who has a tea plantation at Golden Grove in the Palmetto State, writes the most flattering accounts of the success of his experiment. Mr. Smith writes that he has been requested by many southern gentlemen to send them tea seeds in a letter, but he says that tea seed, should be called tea nuts, as they are as large as hazel nuts. Heretofore the peanut has been one of the great agricultural staples of South Carolina, but hereafter

the tea-nut will equal it in importance. Mr. Smith says :

"Whether the same season of the year adapted to the planting of the tea-nut in China, Java, and India, will be equally favorable in this country, will soon be proved by the result of tea-nuts planted in October. The fact that the tea-plant buds and blossoms at the same time of the year in this climate, as it does in Asia, is in favor of an identity of time in planting. At the same time I think early in the Spring will be more certain."

The communication from "a injured wife" is very good, but it is not quite good enough for admission into the body of our Magazine, and we have not room for it here.

Among the notabilia of the month in New York have been the lectures of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Mr. Whipple, the Boston Macaulay, before the Mercantile Library Association. Emerson had such crowded houses and picked listeners, as only one lecturer out of a thousand is honored with. Among his auditors was N. P. Willis, who, although a Bostonian, like Mr. Emerson, had never seen him to know him before. Mr. Willis says of him :

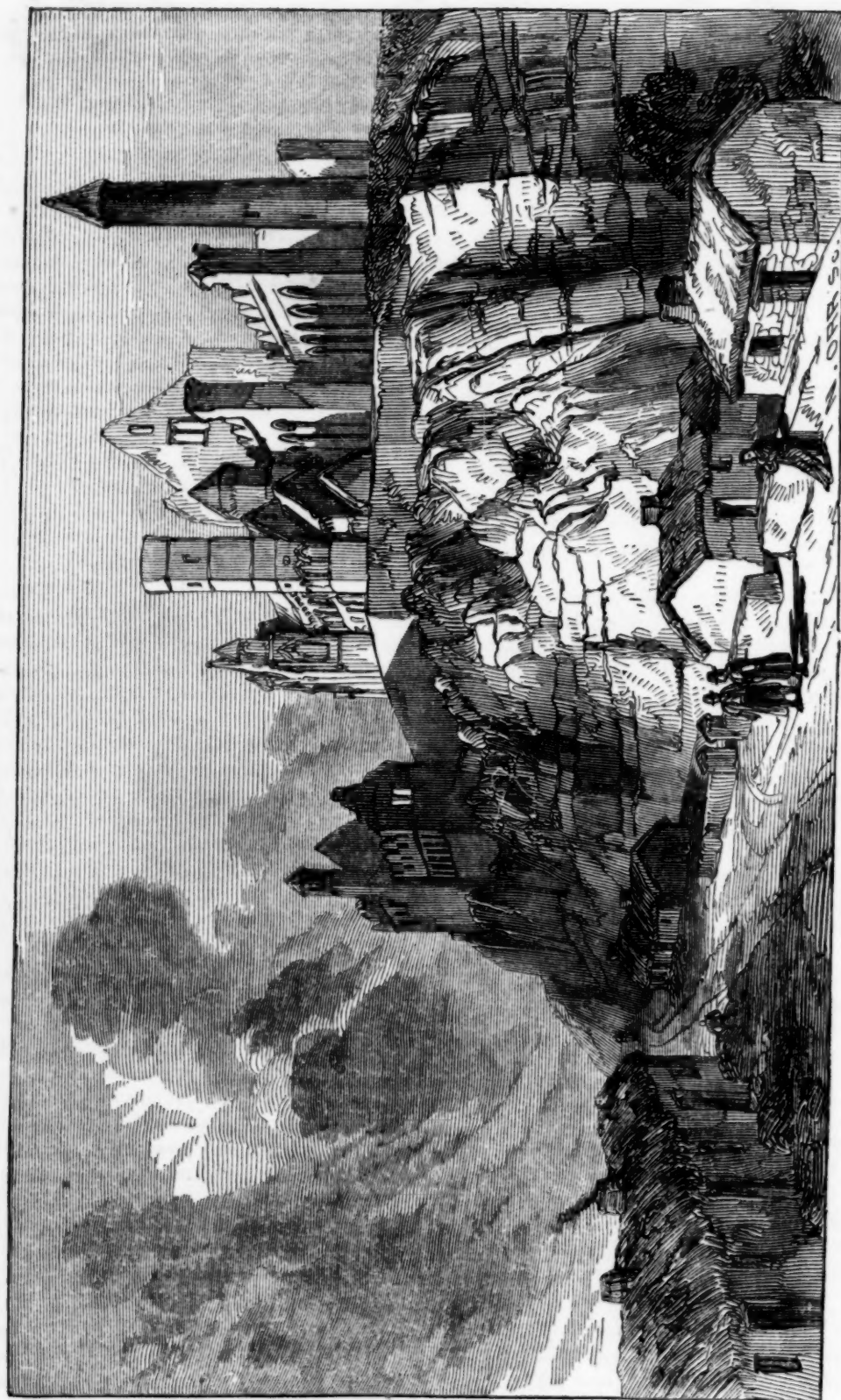
"We remember him perfectly, as a boy whom we used to see playing about Chauncey Place and Summer-street—one of those pale little moral-sublimes with their shirt collars turned over, who are recognized by Boston school-boys as having 'fathers that are Unitarians'—and though he came to his first short hair about the time that we came to our first tail-coat, six or eight years behind us, we have never lost sight of him. In the visits we have made to Boston, of late years, we have seen him in the street and remembered having always seen him as a boy—very little suspecting that *there* walked, in a form long familiar, the deity of an intellectual altar, upon which, at that moment, burned a fire in our bosom."

Although it would be difficult to name two men of genius more unlike than Willis and Emerson, yet we have never read a more thoroughly appreciative criticism on the New England philosopher than the hearty and generous article from which we cut the above extract.

THE TWO WORLDS is the title of a very excellent weekly paper just established, in New York, of which J. J. Bailey, an accomplished writer, whose name will be better known hereafter than at present, and William Wallace, the poet, are editors. It is one of the best looking and ablest of the tribe of weeklies to which it belongs.

SUSY L.—'S DIARY.—This capital story of New England life is now completed. It will be published in book form ; but any of our new subscribers who wish to have the story from the beginning can be supplied with the back numbers.

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THE ROCK OF CASHEL.